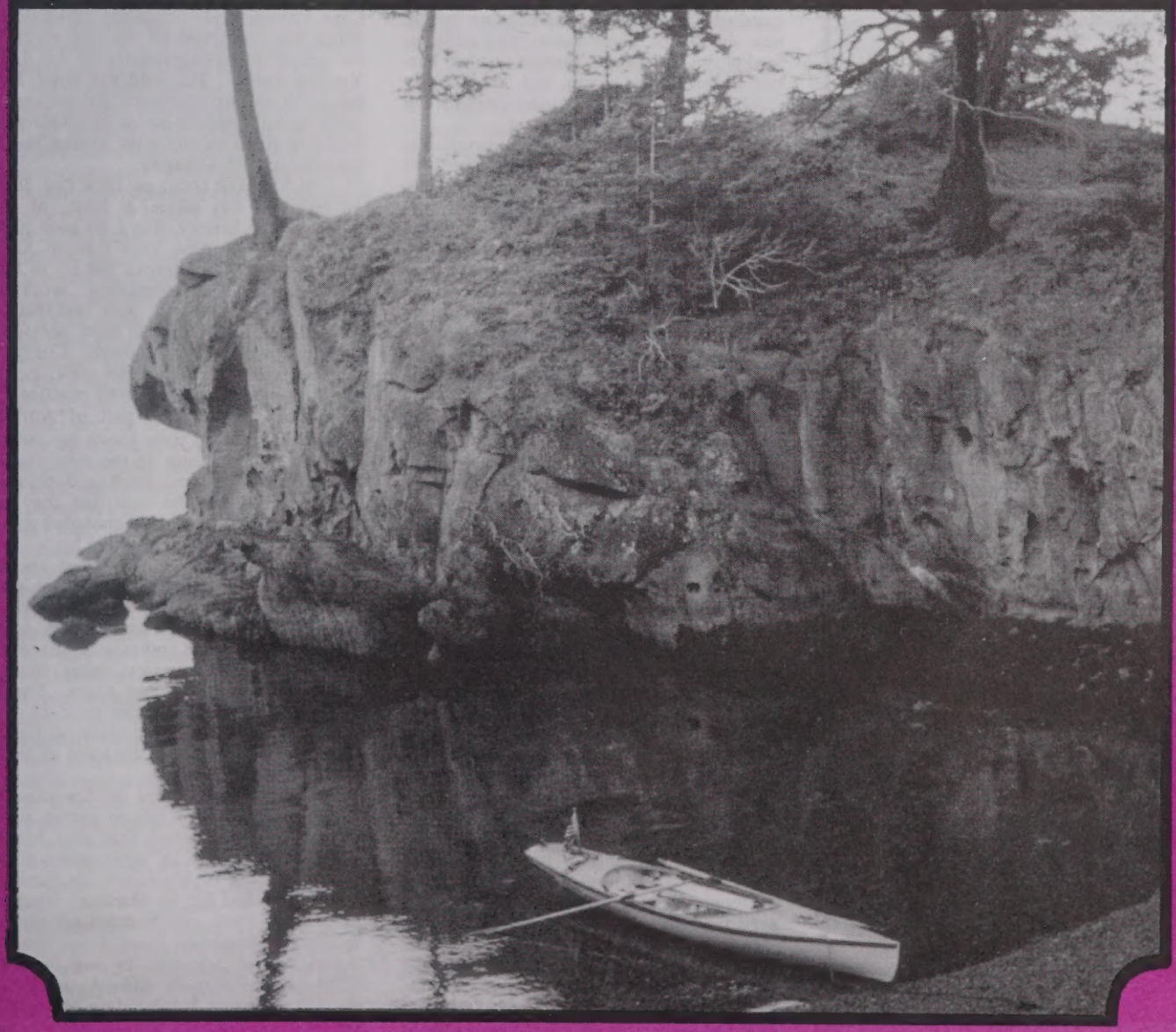
Special Features This Issue
History of the Skiff *Parakeet*
San Juan Islands Row- Newfound Rendezvous

messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - Number 15

December 15, 1998



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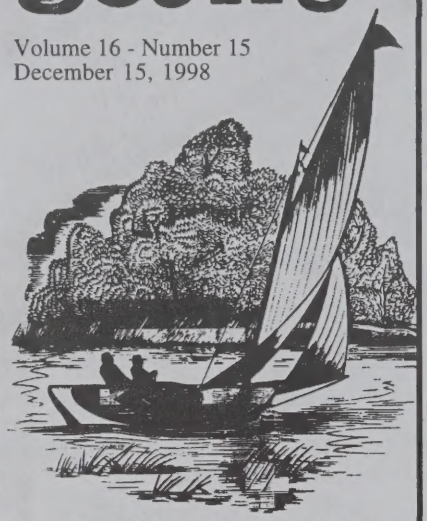

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In Our Next Issue...

Hugh Horton attends some small boat events in "Travels With Hugh"; so does Jim Thayer in "Coast to Coast"; and Carol Davis brings us "Weekend at Henly-on-Thames.

Olof Jansson relives "A Harrowing Night"; Dick Harrington presents Part I of "Sign of the Crab"; Frank Cameron concludes with Part II of his "San Juan Islands Row"; Marguerete Lum offers a woman's viewpoint in "Terror"; and we commence a serialization of an old book for the new year with Chapter 1 of the 1924 book, "*Track of the Typhoon*".

Fred Stevenson concludes with Part II of "The Skiff *Parakeet*"; Berk Eastman recollects in "The Box Keel is Back"; David Gray has "Notes on Hot Tub"; Dennis Davis introduces his "DD26 Shoal Draft Cruiser"; and Phil Bolger brings us ?

Bill Mantis discusses "Raising a Mast"; and Jon Lund compares two small outboards in "Two-Stroke vs. 4-Stroke".

On the Cover...

Frank Cameron's 18'10" Ballard Dory rests on a beach in a cove on one of Washington state's San Juan Islands. Frank begins a two part tale of a rowing trip amongst this archipelago in this issue.

Commentary...

My 1998 season on the water wound up on October 18th, just like we finished off 1997, with a ride on a schooner. Well, the ride was quite different but the boats were both schooners, bigger boats than I customarily get to sail on.

Last year it was a sunset cruise on Tom Ellis' *Thomas B. Lannon*, a brand new 65 footer built for Tom in 1997 by Harold Burnham of Essex, Massachusetts, for dude schooner work out of Gloucester, Massachusetts. This year it was a Boston harbor junket on 104 year old, 125' *Ernestina*, owned and operated by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Our trip last year with Tom took us off the north shore into a moonlit evening. This year*Ernestina* trundled out from her Charlestown berth, near the *U.S.S. Constitution*, to Castle Island at the entrance to Boston's inner harbor under diesel power and then lazily reached back in light air under foresail and mizzen.

The purposes of these two sailings were quite different also. Tom's was to give a few friends a gesture of his appreciation. Those invited had helped sustain his determination and focus while having the *Thomas B. Lannon* built, a dozen or so folks who had some familiarity with boats and sailing. *Ernestina's* purpose is as an educational vessel for the state, regularly taking groups out into Boston Harbor for enlightenment.

The *Lannon* outing was an enjoyable sail, of course, as Tom and his crew really sailed the boat, the diesel was fired up only to clear and approach the dock, and to "fend off" the end of the Eastern Point breakwater when the wind direction did not permit clearing the obstacle without another tack into the wind. This year, *Ernestina* just eased along while the 80 or so of us onboard indulged in a celebration for completing a year of volunteer work bringing people with disabilities out into the great outdoors, on land and on water.

Our group of 80 volunteers did not include many boat people, and most of the cruise was occupied with socializing and having an annual awards presentation program. The schooner served as a unique gathering place. Its sailing waters on this trip were right under Logan Airport's jet traffic so there was no illusion of the spirit of sailing on the sea. It was a very noisy urban environment.

Several years ago I sailed on the Gloucester *Adventure*, a former working schooner just like *Ernestina*, and about the same size. That day we had 15-18 knots of breeze as we reached northeastward along the shore of Cape Ann from Gloucester harbor, and then back. The wind, the sea, the heeling of the deck, the creaking rigging and taught old canvas sails all created just a bit of, perhaps, what it must have been like on her heading out to the Grand Banks on another fishing trip.

Ernestina has a longer and more spectacular history than *Adventure*. She was built about 30 years before *Adventure*, in 1894. Her major life work was the carrying of Captain Bob Bartlett annually during the 1920's and 1930's to the Arctic on scientific expeditions. Prior to going to work for Captain Bob, *Ernestina*, known in those days as *Effie L. Morrissey*, worked the Grand Banks for fish like *Adventure*, but not with *Adventure's* record level of catches as a "highliner".

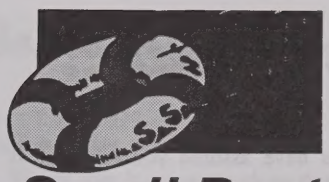
After World War II *Ernestina* was sold off to an Cape Verdean skipper who sailed her for a number of years as a packet between the Cape Verde Islands and New Bedford, Massachusetts, which has a large Cape Verdean and Portuguese community. When this trade died off she was given to the people of Massachusetts by her Cape Verdean owners. The state has since kept her up to sailing standards for passenger carrying and operates her as an educational vessel to focus attention on Massachuetts' long history of seafaring.

As I walked about on deck (we didn't go below) I was aware, at least, of this vessel's long history. She's no gold plater restoration like New York's south Street Seaport's *Lettie G. Howard*, but is, in fact, pretty workaday in condition, workboat standard of finish, tatty here and there (I spotted one badly cracked mast hoop and thought maybe Pert Lowell Company ought to know about it). Her crew, including a female skipper, was well practiced in their work, looked the part of working folks, and indulged their guests by putting them to work hauling up the sails she did hoist. It was all laid back and pleasant enough, but I sure did wish that they had sailed her some. Not time enough I guess, and with only light air to drive her.

As I write this closing out another calendar year of publication, we have some articles in the wings about schooners, so you'll be reading more about them soon, when Tim Weaver's enthusiastic discovery of these wonderful vessels takes form in words and turns up on our pages. They're all a bit on the large size for most of us to ever contemplate messing about in, but we do seem to be strongly attracted to them, even if only vicariously.

One man who sailed on *Ernestina* on her final Arctic trips felt so strong an attachment to the vessel that after his retirement he built an 18' scale model of her, naming it *Effie L. Morrissey, Jr.* Fred Littleton launched her in Marthas' Vineyard in May of 1989 and boarded her to sail around in Menemsha Pond. I was there to report on the occasion in our June 15, 1989 issue. Today the *Effie L. Morrissey Jr.* is at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts, not far from the site of the shipyard where the original was built in 1894.

12-10-98



Small Boat SAFETY

By Lucy Iannotti

Drown Proofing in Hull

The first person ever to push me off a dock was my own mother. I think I was 8. Before you gasp and think, "What must this woman's therapy bills be," you should know I had looked forward to this dunking all summer. Growing up on the water, this test was a right of passage. It was the last in a series of family swim tests which my siblings, cousins, and I had all endured. Passing meant the ultimate freedom to roam with the big kids.

So, driving to Hull on a late September morning, I was preparing myself for the Hull Lifesaving Museum's "drown proofing" and capsize drills, and thinking about my childhood. Having lived through plenty of swim survival tests since then, and capsized numerous small boats (mostly intentionally), I wasn't afraid. I thought this would be a good refresher course, and I wanted to learn these drills so we could duplicate them in our Whaling City Rowing Club program. I had thought I would be testing my ability to survive in a maritime emergency.

However, upon arrival, I found myself assigned to a crew of teenagers, and I was to act as their coxswain during the first drill. I would need to go a step beyond what I had mentally prepared for, to assume as a given my own personal safety in the water in order to collect and watch over a group of kids.

When Ed McCabe, the HLM Maritime Program Director, first spoke to me about their drills, he explained the effect of very cold water on a warm human body, known as "immersion syndrome." When the body hits the cold water, the diaphragm spasms, causing a temporary loss of breath, and unfortunately often causing panic. It's this panic which creates the real danger, and sometimes death, and consequently everything possible should be done to prepare *anyone* who goes out on the water for these effects. I was initially skeptical that the immersion syndrome would happen, the water was still warm, I had been swimming just a week ago. But Hull, unlike New Bedford, gets no benefit from the Gulf Stream. The water there is, well, damn cold.

For the first drift we lined up on the edge of the dock, myself, six teenagers, and one other adult, and I yelled, "Count it down." The bow rower yelled, "Bow," the next rower yelled, "Two," and so on until the last rower. In the boat, calling for the count is a simple and effective way to determine if your crew is awake. During an emergency, it takes on much greater importance, insuring that the coxswain can quickly account for the entire crew.

My crew and I jumped into the water, and it stung. Heads bobbed up and I called for the count again, listening intently to each breathless number as it was called out. We were all accounted for, so far so good. The goal of this drill was to tread water for three minutes, dressed in regular clothing and without lifejackets. It became clear that one of my crew was not happy. The dock, with several strong adults, was within spitting distance. Ed was close by in his skiff, and Lory Newmyer, the HLM Director, was in the water wearing a wetsuit.

But, although the actual danger level in this drill was relatively low and we were only pretending to fall out of a boat, what we were experiencing felt real, particularly for this boy, whose fear was certainly real. He locked eyes with me, and I asked if he was all right. He answered that he felt heavy, Ed came over with the skiff and he hung on the stern for a rest. But what if there had been no skiff? I wondered how long I would have been able to keep him afloat had we been waiting for help to arrive. This simple act of plunging into cold water fully clothed reinforced an important lesson, never go out with out a life-jacket and always keep it accessible.

After our three chilly minutes, we swam to the beach and walked soggily back up to the dock. We watched the other five crews go through their drills, wet and shivering and wishing the wind would stop blowing.

The next drill involved "falling" in again, this time with life-jacket in hand. The goal, put the jacket on while in the water, no easy task. After we got our jackets on and buckled, we gathered the oars which had "fallen" in with us. Of these, we made two parallel bundles and placed ourselves in between with a bundle under each arm and began to move towards shore. This motion was accomplished by kicking, mostly each other. Before we reached the beach, I had identified the distinctive feel of at least three types of sneaker treads, and now wear the marks on my shins as evidence.

After our successful landing, we stood huddled against the wind and watched the other crews go through their drills, grateful to be done with ours. This lesson, exactly as it's told to me, "Oars float."

For the capsize drill, only one crew would be formed, half adults, half kids, and they would be towed out in the 28' gig *Kittery*. I had wanted to be on this crew and, as the saying goes, be careful what you wish for. Again, the actual danger was minimized, the gig was tied with a long line to the dock and we were all in our life-jackets, but the cold and exhaustion were real. We began to rock the boat, and at the coxswain's command, we stood up, placed a foot on the port rail and, working completely against every instinct, shifted our weight onto this foot.

We then reached up to grab the high rail and pulled it down with us. This all happens in slow motion, everyone drops into the water and the boat turtles. After calling for the count, we reached for the keel and rolled her all the way around. At this point the *Kittery* was completely swamped.

The idea now is to put one light but strong crew member into the boat, while the rest of us spread out evenly on both sides and push up on the rail. We all scissor kick as we push up to raise her a fraction of an inch above the water's surface. The crew member on board bails frantically, working against the wind and waves to try and put water out faster than the elements can put it back in. Several times we made some progress, and several times an uncooperative wave swamped us again. We kicked and pushed up on the rail and cursed.

Finally we made some progress. When we dared to, we put a second crew member aboard and now the bailing went twice as fast. Every wave tried to knock us over, the crew in the water was still needed to stabilize the boat. With every few inches gained, we'd put another bailer inside. As the *Kittery* rose higher, it became harder and harder to climb aboard.

Then it was my turn to pull myself up over the rail. My first attempts left me sliding back down into the water. I moved farther amidships where the rail was lower, literally gathered my strength, and heaved myself up. I managed to get my upper body flung over the rail, but the greater proportion of my weight was decidedly still behind me, so to speak. I was draped over the rail, with my butt sticking up in the air. At that moment the crowd of people on the dock cheered.

Truthfully, they (could it have been the entire population of Hull?) had been cheering as each new crew member climbed aboard. I think they cheered for each inch of freeboard we gained. So, although I wished they'd waited until after I had regained a more dignified posture, I have to admit this whole ordeal was infinitely easier for all the encouragement we heard. I managed to roll the rest of the way in and focused on bailing.

Under normal circumstances I can lift a 5-gallon bucket filled with water, paint, joint compound, almost anything. But the water in Hull is not only cold, it's heavy. I scooped up a bucketful and tried to lift it, but my muscles refused to obey. I only managed to put the rim of the bucket up to the rail and slowly poured the water out over the side. Ed, watching me, yelled, "Don't be neat, Lucy!" Well, I laughed and thought to myself how, if he had been within reach, I would have socked him.

By this point we were home free, we had tipped the scales and for the moment constituted together a greater force than the wind and waves. Still bailing madly, the rest of the crew scrambled aboard (was this easier for them?) and we headed to the beach.

When Ed gave his conclusion, he told us we're better rowers for what we've learned here today, and let's hope we never need to use it. As I drove home with my car heater cranked up full, teeth chattering, and bruises sprouting up all over, I thought of all the hopes I have for our new club. I hope we'll create wonderful youth programs. I hope we can show our kids the joy of rowing, the immense satisfaction in teamwork, and teach them respect for the sea.

I hope we will all train to be aware of the dangers and be prepared for an emergency. And, like Ed, I hope we never have reason to use this training. But (insert prayer to god of your choice here), if I ever do find myself unexpectedly in the deep cold water with a bunch of kids, I will be immeasurably grateful for my "dunking" in Hull.

(To learn more about the Whaling City Rowing Club, contact Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>)

You Write to Us About...

Needs...

N.E. Penguin Association?

Is there a Penguin Owners Association in New England? If so I would like to contact them.

Deanna Crane, 253 Arnold's Neck Dr., Warwick, RI 02886, (401) 732-9464.

Opinions...

Not As Young...

I thought the following notes might prove useful to some readers who, like myself, are not as young as they used to be. I have been messing about for the last fifty or so years and now I find myself on the uphill side of 75. At some time in the life of a sailor it will inevitably happen that his physical strength, coordination, balance and stamina start to deteriorate noticeably. Unless special care is taken to avert accidents, tragic consequences could befall an older skipper.

Not that an old-timer needs to swallow the anchor: Capt. Parker Hall often sailed the 73' schooner *Alice Wentworth* single handed when he was in his eighties, and in the Retired Skippers' Race on Ponobscot Bay, one skipper was over 90! I have listed a few relevant (but not always original) thoughts on this subject that have occurred to me in recent years in the hope that they will help some old timers keep on sailing.

1. Remember that what you used to do handily will become increasingly difficult.

2. Things that require strength and agility are more difficult, especially under windy conditions, so find the conditions you are comfortable with and do not venture out when wind or tides exceed that amount. Things happen fast in a breeze.

3. Older folks tend not to lift their feet high enough while moving about, and are in greater danger of tripping. Their sense of balance deteriorates, and the rolling motion is more likely to upset them. Hang on! Balance is poorer when looking aloft than when looking at the horizon.

4. Keep lines and other gear neatly stowed and out of the way at all times. Be especially careful to avoid leaving loops of rope around, and stepping in them inadvertently. Also stepping on a straight piece of line can cause it to roll, and down you go.

5. In a rowboat, the height of the thwarts above the floor can make a big difference. Seats that are too low can force a person to sit uncomfortably with his legs making a right angle to the body. For people in good physical shape this may not be a problem, but older people whose backs are getting stiff are more comfortable with their legs dropping down at a broader angle.

6. Before undertaking any major move, e.g. going forward to pick up a mooring or getting into the dinghy, be sure to test your balance. Be careful not to consign your full weight to the dinghy until you have assured yourself that it will not lurch or capsize.

7. Single handed sailing entails a certain amount of risk. This is especially true for elderly people. Although I have never used one, I believe that at least a small hand-held marine radio should be among the skipper's gear.

Of course the above are mostly common sense rules of thumb that everybody knows and presumably follows. But remember the eyesight, hearing, balance, strength and agility you may have had a few years ago may have waned significantly. Don't discover this midway between the dinghy and the dock

Alden P. Stickney, W. Boothbay Harbor, ME

Shared Memories

I read Lee Trachtenberg's memoir of a "November Sail" in the November 15th issue with special pleasure. Although I have never sailed down at his end of Long Island Sound (Norwalk & Stamford were my westward limits) his description of the beckoning eastern horizon recalled my feelings when, as a youngster at Milford I used to look across toward Port Jeferson and dream of "one day..."

It was not until I was an adult of 55 that I sailed across from Norwalk to Eaton's Neck one afternoon "on my own bottom" (my 14' Enterprise dinghy). I have never gotten over that thrill to this day.

Another experience I shared with Lee is the joy of sailing an Alberg sloop. Mine was a fiberglass 23 footer. I used to sail her from the companionway in all kinds of weather, most times alone.

Thanks for the memories.

Joseph Tamsky, Harwich, MA

A Real Breakthrough

Fred Shell's crab claw rig shown in the November 1st issue is a real breakthrough. Anyone strugglng to find a real easy, low, self-tending and stowable rig for a small boat or canoe should take note and study what Fred shows us on page 23 in that issue.

If the bipod legs are hinged at the deck, then when the foot of the yard (the tack) is let go the whole rig will fall forward, all you have to do is detach the sail from the sprit and the whole thing will be flat on deck. This would work for the mizzen as well.

As Fred states, the mizzen should greatly help tacking. So will the fact that the platform is central rather than aft. This was a problem with the Hobie cat, people would sit on the aft end of the platform, which was already situated aft. The resulting attitude of the boat with the bows raised counteracted the swing of those bows into the wind when tacking. Body weights will be more central in Fred's design.

Thanks Fred for your the delightful idea.

Richard Carsen, Flagstaff, AZ

Editor Comments: Fred reports that the full size boat is now dry assembled (no glue). "So far, so good. Not enough time to work on it much."

Projects...

A Non-US Navy Light Cruiser

Pictured in the foreground is my converted Nimble Bay Hen catboat, now a sharpie, shoal draft, displacement hull, 21' cruising motor launch. Powered with a 5hp, four cycle Honda in a motor well, at cruising rpms she goes at a nice sight-seeing 6 knots as measured by a sailboat Knot Stick, with fuel consumption of about 3 hours per gallon. Not bad for 5hp!

I estimate that if I un-mothball the folding mast and sail, unlock the stowed up bilge boards, and replace the boom gallows, I can convert her back to a sailboat in a half day or less, should I get an urge to do it some time in the future.

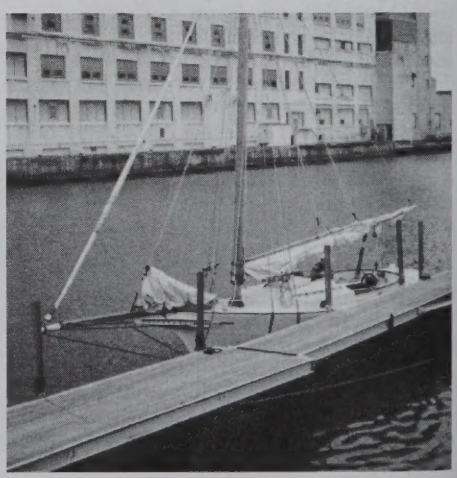
Having sailed almost one thousand miles in my old West Wight Potter 15 in two seasons I thought it might be time to try stink potting. Having a great time messing about in my light cruiser.

William Zeitler, Wilmington, DE

Rebuilding Sea Dog

Virtually every spare moment of my time since July, 1997 until mid-August 1998 has been spent getting *Sea Dog* rebuilt and into the water. Finally on August 20th *Sea Dog* finally went to sea (lake). Since then I spent every free moment catching up on sailing her. She took a lot longer than I thought it would to finish her.

Shamus Donagain, Lancaster, NY



ERV is Underway

Our Expeditionary Rowing Vessel, or ERV, concept is taking shape. The ten-oared boat would be about 29'x 8' and will replace the far heavier craft which our Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club has used over the years. Lighter weight and improved trailerability allows greater crew diversity (mix of boys/girls/adults/rowing experience) and a greater range of practical on-water operation. The boat is also designed for relatively cost-controlled, repeatable construction. Some initial funding for materials has already been donated and we welcome readers' thoughts and help on the project, including suggestions for groups which are likely to want to incorporate the vessel into their waterborne programs.

The Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343, The Connecticut Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association

Boatshop News...

Very Busy At Hadden Boat Company

We're very busy at our shop now after all the details, details involved in getting the new business going. We're presently building William Atkins' River Rat, an outboard houseboat/scow/garvey launch (c.1952) for Clifford Johnson to cruise on the Hudson River and Great Lakes. It's plywood over a traditional oak frame.

We have Jack Gates' *Piccollo*, which Rob Stevens and I built for him in 1990, in for maintenance and repair, and are also doing some restoration work on a varnished Chris Craft speedster. Joinery work in hand is some circular teak and mahogany coamings for an ocean cruising Swan.

Alex Haddan, Hadden Boat Company, Box 51, Bay Point Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548.

Lowell's Still Kicking

We've been quite a while getting back up to speed here at Lowell's Boat Shop on the Merrimac River in Amesbury, Massachusetts following the massive restoration work on our 200 year old National Historic Site shop. Things are still well below potential but the outlook is now promising. I've been here for a year and a few months, boatbuilder Peter Gibb is working on a contractor basis and Bob Elliot continues to teach adult boatbuilding classes.

We are trying to build a volunteer corps. Our current projects include continuing production and repair of our boats, teaching classes for both adults and youth, and developing an exhibit of our work.

Michael Browne, Boatbuilder, Lowell's Boatshop, 459 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913.

THE GLOUCESTER *Adventure*©

The last of Gloucester's great fishing schooners

Progress on the Gloucester Adventure

The Gloucester *Adventure*... Where We Are: The restoration of *Adventure* is ongoing. In 1990, *Adventure's* bow and stem were rebuilt and in 1991 the vessel's port side was partially rebuilt. During 1997 and 1998, (with generous support from the Massachusetts Historical Commission, the City of Gloucester, and our members) *Adventure's* starboard side was completely rebuilt. Because of *Adventure's* historic importance as the last of Gloucester's fishing schooners, the restoration work has been done in accordance with the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Historic Vessel Preservation.

What *Adventure* Still Needs: The next phase of *Adventure's* preservation will involve rebuilding the horn timber and stern and replacing the stanchions, bulwarks, and rails on the port side. We have received challenge grants totaling $100,000 to date for these projects, so we must now raise $100,000 in matching funds. *Adventure* needs your support now. Your membership and support will make the difference.

Our Goal: To complete Adventure's restoration and have her sailing by the year 2000. Join *Adventure* and Help Preserve a Historic Landmark for Future Generations.

The Wood's No Good... Finding Oak for Adventure

Nearly $500,000 in donations and grants have flowed into the coffers of Gloucester Adventure, Inc. over the last two years, most of it earmarked for the long-awaited restoration of the 121' schooner. Even though the support has been generous (from such sources as the Massachusetts Historical Commission, the National Park Service and the City of Gloucester), the work on the starboard side of the schooner hit a snag; the wood's no good.

More accurately, the native white oak available for the project isn't up to the job. Project foreman Hermann Hinrichsen, the Danish-born master shipwright in charge, keeps rejecting the wood ordered, says Frank Rose II, president of Rose's Oil & Marine Service, the contractor for the project. "We have to agree with him," says Rose. "This is a unique vessel." Fortunately, Hinrichsen had a solution to finding high-quality white oak of sufficient dimension; the Royal Danish Forest on the island of Sjaelland off the coast of Denmark.

The forest was dedicated to providing wood for ships of the Danish Royal Navy, once second in size only to Great Britain's. Restrictions on the use of the wood from the national forest remain, but Hinrichsen was able to purchase the wood for *Adventure* with the understanding that it was going to be used to restore an historic American wooden vessel.

The Danish timber, from trees measuring up to five feet in diameter, arrived in Gloucester in April. The additional cost to secure the timber was deemed worthwhile by Gloucester Adventure president Marty Krugman, who emphasized the organization's commitment to use materials and methods as close to the original as possible.

Join *Adventure* and Help Preserve a Historic Landmark for Future Generations.

❑ $5,000 Jeff Thomas Society	❑ $40 Family
❑ $1,000 Leo Hynes Club	❑ $25 Individual
❑ $500 Highliner	❑ $15 Students, Seniors
❑ $100 Contributing	❑ new ❑ renewing

(Members receive free admission to the vessel at dockside, *Adventure's* newsletter, invitations to events and programs, and a 10% discount at *Adventure's* Ship Store.)

Gloucester *Adventure* is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization.

❑ I enclose an additional gift of $_____ to support *Adventure's* restoration.

❑ Please send me volunteer information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Telephone ( ) _____

Return to:
Gloucester *Adventure*, Inc., P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01931

Tugboat Topics

By Hugh Ware

Two Tugboat Calendars

For a dozen years now, I have reviewed the *Tugboat and Towboat* calendars from Harbor Images (aka Matt and Judy Lyon), partly because the calendars are good and partly because the reviews became a "bully pulpit" from which to talk about my favorite subject, tugboats. Through the calendars, I got to know Matt and Judy, and my wife and I are now close friends with them. Perhaps that friendship should disbar me from reviewing their calendars but I prefer to think it allows me to bring additional insights to each review.

I retired from being a technical editor about seven years ago and now find myself in the midst of a new career, marine journalism. More specifically, tugboat marine journalism. And it's all due to this free-wheeling, wonderful publication. As I neared that separation day, I knew that I wanted to continue to push words around but didn't know in what direction. The first Boston Tugboat Muster happened to happen; I attended because I've always liked tugboats; I wrote an article about it; *Messing About in Boats* published it, and I was off and running. Now, tugboat journalism is nearly a full-time retirement business.

In the last year or two, Matt and Judy have had formidable competition from that giant of calendar producers, San Francisco's Brown Trout Publishers. Among their over-six hundred calendar subjects is *Tugboats*, using photos taken by Thomas V. Labash. This *Tugboats* calendar is large (about a foot square) and uses glossy art-stock. Labash's photos are high-quality stuff, taken with a medium-format camera, I'd guess. I suspect from the results that he is a careful student of filters and when to use them.

Matt and Judy use 35mm cameras, which produce fine photos but not quite to the quality level of a larger camera (Judy shoots print film while Matt takes slides. A careful study of their shots will show the difference). The Lyon's calendar is a more-convenient 8-1/2"x 11" broadways and, this year, is printed on highly glossy stock with the printing bled to the edges. Both are big improvements.

What's the difference in the photos? Labash takes photos that are carefully worked out. Sharp, strong shadows, backgrounds that contrast with the tugs, each shot made with a strong sense of drama, a sense that is sometimes dark-hued, almost gloomy this year. Works of art, almost. Call them depictions of the Soul of Tugboating. Matt and Judy's photos, on the other hand, capture the workaday world better. Their tugs are workboats, not models for the photographer. Their photos show the Spirit of Tugboating. Make no mistake, all three photographers love tugs, as denoted by their photos and their memberships in the Tugboat Enthusiasts Society. Let's put it this way: Labash is the Artist with his Model carefully posed. Matt and Judy are more the Recorders of the Passing Scene.

On a less cerebral level, the Harbor Images' calendar lists the dates of major tug events and also has notes at the back, that explain, among other things, why the tug *North Bend* has round portholes in the wheelhouse (they replaced standard rectangular windows that got smashed by a wave on the bar at the entrance to Coos Bay in Oregon. Tugs often have to take a beating). Brown Trout's calendar lists the tug names and ports. Prices of the two calendars are about the same. Labash's tugs are as geographically distributed as Harbor Image's tugs. Both have photographs of tugs at work and at rest. Both have tractor tugs, tugs in the colorful "peanut butter and jelly" paint scheme of Boston Towing and Transportation, old canal tugs with wheelhouses that could be hydraulically lowered to pass under bridges on the Erie Canal and elsewhere, and smaller tugs that work log rafts. Brown Trout's calendar shows twelve tugs (one is repeated on the cover) while Harbor Images' calendar has 13 separate photos showing a total of 15 tugs, plus two inserts giving more information about a main photo. Both calendars have illustrations that are eminently easy to look at over the course of a year.

Which to choose? This year, I must chicken out on nominating a favorite. Either calendar is a good choice for the tug lover.

Harbor Images *Tugboats And Towboats 1999 Calendar*. You'll have to send away for it. See ad in this issue.

Brown Trout's *Tugboats*. Probably at a local mall. Try Barnes & Nobles or the Calendar Store first. Or try <www. brown trout.com> or call (800) 777-7812.

So What's Happening In The Tugboat World?

Plenty! High technology has become the norm and "new" propulsion devices common in Europe and elsewhere for at least two decades but rarely used in this hemisphere have become the norm. Most operators are building new tugs with expensive Voith cycloidal drives or azimuthing drives (like big outboards stuck through the bottom of a tug) but some companies don't want to invest that much money.

For example, Foss, the giant West Coast tug company, is updating three older boats by removing their twin screws and replacing them with azimuthing drives driven by bigger engines. Others have added a small azimuthing drive at the bow of old single-screw tugs, thus making these so-called "combi-tugs" effective as ship-dockers. Much attention is being paid to the hulls for the new drives to find the best compromises between application of power in any direction, stability, and sea-keeping. Engines with electronic controls now simultaneously deliver higher power, improved economy (often an impressive 10% better for a given engine), and fewer polluting byproducts (diesel soot is getting to be a no-no).

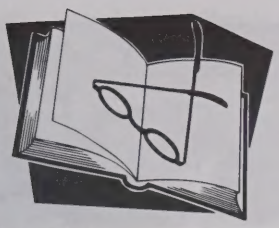
Dramatically different tug designs are popping up too. Erik Hvide (pronounced "VEE-dah" for non-Norwegians), CEO of ever-growing Hvide Marine Inc. in Florida, devised a radical tug to solve ship-docking problems in some ports. This design is so different from the usual tug that the design is patented and called a Ship Docking Module, name trademarked. Hvide put the first three SDMs in service this year, has ordered four more to an improved design, and hopes to sell between 100 and 200 eventually.

The SDM is very wide and looks more like a vehicular ferry than a tug. It has an azimuthing drive at each end and can produce full thrust in any direction, something no other tug can do. This is very handy, especially in narrow slips when a ship must be pinned against the pier while its mooring lines go ashore (or come aboard) and a conventional tug can't fit; the SDM just slides in place and pushes sideways on the ship. As the pilots say, "It's like getting an additional forty feet of width in the slip!"

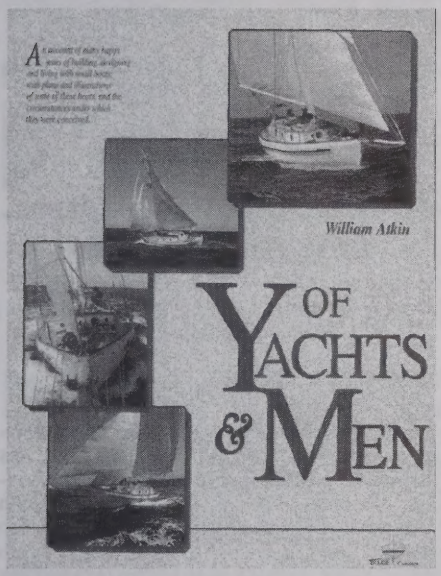
And it is very impressive to see a big barge being pushed at six or seven knots, as I recently did at Port Everglades, with an SDM stuck at right angles near the barge's bow and moving along sideways with the barge! The SDM , as its name implies, is a single-purpose tug devoted to ship assistance, that is, docking and undocking ships.

Meanwhile, in Europe, four mystery tugs are being built to another radical design. The company will not reveal any details or even confirm that anything is happening but there are ways of finding the facts. According to reliable reports, these powerful, multi-purpose tugs will have the unprecedented number of three azimuthing drives and so they have already been nicknamed the "three-legged tugs". I believe I was the first to break this story in the world maritime press, and it has been a lot of fun ever since, what with "spies" reporting in by email and phone calls from the company concerned informing my answering machine that nothing is happening about any "three-legged tugs" and it will tell me the facts when the time is right (is that a confirmation or not!).

Now operators planning to build a new tug have two more choices besides Voith cycloidal drives up front or azimuthing units at either front or rear. They will have consider the "three-legged tugs" or the SDM. If they chose the SDM, (to paraphrase Julius Caesar) it will be a case of, brace yourself, "veni, Hvide, vici".



Book Reviews



Of Yachts and Men

William Atkin
Tiller Publishing, 160 pages, softcover, many black and white photos, illustrations, and plans,

Reviewed by Martin Gardner

William Atkin's *Of Yachts & Men* is subtitled "An account of many happy years of building, designing, and living with small boats; with plans and illustrations of some of these boats, and the circumstances under which they were conceived." That's exactly what it is.

The "many happy years" were 1906 to 1948, during which time Atkin designed 600 boats. Starting in 1924, he wrote an article a month for *Motor Boating* magazine, edited by C.F. Chapman (the author of *Piloting, Seamanship, and Small Boat Handling*). Chapman wrote the original introduction, concluding with, "I consider it an honor and a pleasure to introduce you to the author, William Atkin, America's foremost designer of small yachts."

Indeed, small yachts dominate this discursive autobiography. Half the dozen or so boats treated in detail are between 28' and 32'; the smallest is 26'.

Atkin wrote 5 of the 39 short chapters for the publication of *Of Yachts & Men* in 1949, the remaining 34 chapters were collected from material he'd already written, and sometimes published, during his long career. As the collected material was not re-edited, there's a frustrating inconsistency. On the other hand, there you are, slogging along and you stumble on, "A fine shipmate a Genie would be. But not so fine, Newt and I have often thought, as an anteater. There are always crumbs and sand, and pieces of cork from bottles, and no end of little specks of things hiding behind the buttons in the cushions, or in the cracks of the flooring boards, or around the edge of the cabin carpet. There is no easy way to sweep these out and it would be easy to import a few ants in the cabin just to encourage the anteater; and after a while we are both sure he would get to liking liquor corks, bread crumbs, and the like, much better than ants; and then we should have only to hit the high spots when cleaning up. Nothing like a good anteater on a cruising yacht."

Of Yachts & Men is sprinkled with gems like that. It's also sprinkled with images of life on Long Island in the less crowded part of this century.

About half the book, however, deals only with three boats and four years. The years were 1927 to 1931, and the boats were all Atkin's evolutions from the Colin Archer Norwegian auxiliary lifeboat, a beamy double-ended 47-footer. Atkin refined the lines and shortened the boat to the gaff-rigged cutter *Fore 'n Aft* (28' by 9'6" by 5'2" 19,000 pounds), then the knockabout *Ben Bow* (28'10" by 9'8" by 5'2" 17,000 pounds), then the marconi cutter *Tally Ho!* (30' by 9'4" by 5'6" 21,000 pounds). These are darn similar boats by modern standards. They are discussed in excruciating detail, unless you just love the type.

Actually I do love the type. I owned a Lyle Hess 28' cutter, which is a much more modern boat but shares many of the design ideas of Atkin's craft. I have also had the pleasure of sailing in company with *Quest*, an Atkin design built in the mid 1940s. At anchor, we had the two prettiest boats around, and hard to tell apart till you were aboard and saw the difference in beam and interior space. Both were wonderful sea boats, staunch and well-mannered.

Readers of *Messing About in Boats*, whether they like 28-footers or not, will be well pleased with *Of Yachts & Men*, it's got our style.

Sailors' Secrets: Advice from the Masters

Michael Badham and
Robby Robinson
International Marine, 1997
309 pp. $29.95

Reviewed by Greg DeCowsky

I tend to be skeptical of books of "tips and tidbits," it usually seems that much of the information in them is (1) blatantly obvious, (2) irrelevant to the particular type of sailing I do, or (3) something I learned in Sailing 101. *Sailor's Secrets* is a welcome exception to the rule. Though it's perhaps most useful to cruisers, any sailor of any level of skill can gain valuable knowledge from the thousands of years of cumulative sailing experience contained in this book.

The book's ten chapters present tips, opinions, anecdotes, and literary excerpts on various aspects of sailing, seamanship, and boatkeeping from dozens of knowledgeable sailors: singlehanders from Joshua Slocum to Tania Aebi, electrical and mechanical expert Nigel Calder, cruising mavens Don Street and Lin and Larry Pardey, designers like Rod Stephens and Dick Newick, life-raft survivor Steve Callahan, and many others.

No one person could directly acquire all this knowledge in a single lifetime. If you are a sailor, I guarantee you will find out something useful that you didn't know before.

"Different ships, different long splices." Of course, even the experts don't always agree, and the differences of opinion enliven the book and provide you with plenty of chances to make up your own mind (or fodder for graveyard-watch debates). I once crewed on a schooner that had 16 captains in one season. We learned 16 different ways to do everything, all of them "right." This book is a little like that. It's hard to condense a book like this into a short review because of the diversity of the information it contains.

Though safety and safety equipment have their own chapter, safe sailing is a theme that permeates the entire book, from "The Friendly Knife" to "Seeing Clearly." Simplicity is another theme, the first chapter, "Keep It Simple, Sweetheart," is bound to appeal to minimalist sailors like many of the readers of this magazine.

Victor Koechl's tip, "Retrieving Lost Halyards," is one of my favorites. This idea alone could save you the price of the book in marina bills (unless your boat is small enough to take advantage of Dynamite Payson's suggestion on stepping masts).

If you're a sailor looking for winter reading or inspiration for evenings of tinkering in the boat shop, or if you have one on your gift list, *Sailor's Secrets* is an excellent choice.

On the beach at Pemigewasset Lake.

The 2nd Annual Newfound Rendezvous

By Jay Babina
Photos by Bill Obrien

Every boat builder puts his heart and soul into his work. This is true even for the smallest craft such as canoes and kayaks where builders use meticulous craftsmanship to make strip built boats. The art of strip building is constructing a boat on a set of forms or cross sections which are supported on a strongback or beam to hold them in position. Long strips of wood are stapled to the forms and glued together to make the shape. With glass reinforcement and other detailing, a beautiful wood kayak or canoe emerges. Believe it or not, there are a lot of these builders out there.

On the weekend of September 19th, Newfound Woodworks held their 2nd annual Wood Boat Rendezvous for strip built boats on Pemigewasset Lake in Meredith, New Hampshire. The Rendezvous was a three day event, many people using the campground for their quarters for the weekend, while others like myself stayed at motels. Over 75 strip built canoes and kayaks arrived with their proud owners looking forward to seeing each other's work and trading ideas on craftsmanship and technology, along with enjoying a lot of paddling around on the lake. I sensed the aura of excitement and camaraderie among the builders, who came from as far away as Oklahoma and Canada, as well as from all around the northeast. We all came through some of the same battles and campaigns and emerged victorious with our shiny new boats.

Then there's the artistic end of it. Some people get very experimental with various patterns and colors of wood to create their own statements, while other builders prefer to stay rather reserved. As usual, there's always some outrageous ones and some that were actually unbelievable. It all adds up to a great exchange of ideas and appreciation of these boats.

There were canoes built from the book *Canoecraft,* by Ted Moores of Bear Mountain Boats, and *Building a Strip Canoe,* by Gil Gilpatrick. John Winters of Redwing Design, the designer for Swift Canoes and Kayaks, was there as well with some strip built versions of his designs. Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayaks, author of *The Strip~Built Sea Kayak,* was there with a full selection of his designs. Several examples of designs from Laughing Loon Canoes and Kayaks made it. There were also several Wee Lassie double paddle canoes from Mac MacCarthy's book *Featherweight Boatbuilcing.* Additionally there was an assortment of Rangeley Boats, an Adirondack guideboat, a Grand Laker canoe, and a small sailboat. Examples of just about any boat that could be built with small strips of cedar seemed to be on hand.

Newfound Woodworks' Adirondack Guideboat.

On Saturday morning when I arrived it was really exciting to see a beach about the size of a football field covered with varnished wooden boats. As I dragged my two boats off the car and down to the beach, I wondered how my craftsmanship would compare. They all looked so beautiful. As I nestled them in between some other boats, a few people walked over to look over these kayaks just arrived. I felt good. I was accepted. I did good.

You couldn't stand on the beach for more than a minute without engaging in some conversation about epoxy or wood construction or just offering your boat for a trial. The small lake was ideal since its size made everyone more visible and its small beach allowed all of the builders to mix and mingle very freely. Out on the lake, the kayaks and canoes were constantly being tried by their owners and other participants.

Newfound Woodworks, located in Bristol, NH, who sponsored the event, is a supplier of wood, plans, kits and accessories for the strip-building of canoes and kayaks. They organized a series of demonstrations: Caleb Davis of Tremolo Canoe and Crew showed the graceful paddling of classic solo canoeing and later demonstrated how to build a traditional canoe paddle.

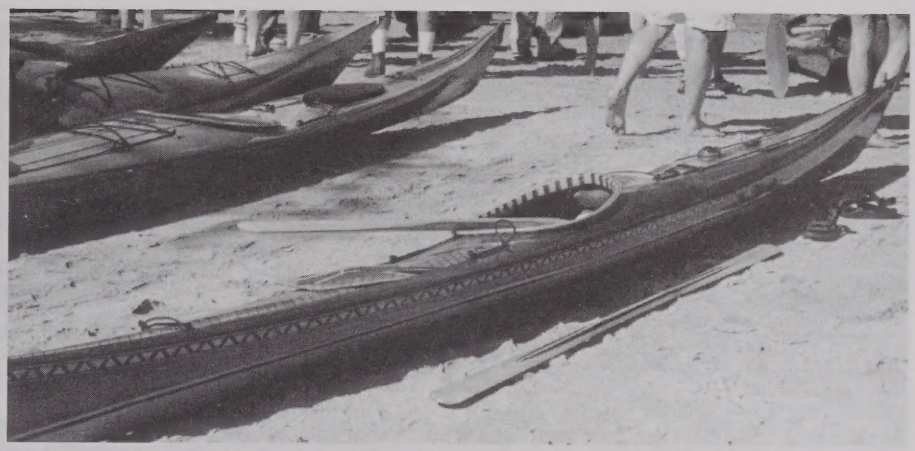
Nick Schade and I demonstrated a variety of kayaking techniques. Newfound Woodworks fiberglassed the inside of a canoe with a large crowd watching.They also organized many on-the-water demonstrations on

boat handling by various paddlers in canoes and kayaks. The rendezvous was not a commercial event, there were no sales efforts made other than at a souvenier table. The gathering was primarily a celebration among all the builders and an exchange of ideas and friendship.

Saturday evening there was a catered cookout at the lake, and Sunday morning a group paddle. Being the second year of this event, and judging by the growth of attendance, this is going to be one popular event for all the people involved in wood kayak and canoe building. Next year's Rendezvous will be held on September 17-19. Please contact the Newfound Woodworks at (603) 744-6872 or check out the web page at <www. newfound.com> for more information.

Those of us who have built strippers know it's impossible to build just one. Once you do one, you know how much easier the next one will be as well as all the changes you want to make. So, we'll all be back ...and wait until you see the ones we bring next year.

(Jay Babina of Jason Design, 7 Jeffery Ln., North Branford, CT 06471, is the designer of the Outer Island sea kayak, a Greenland style kayak for wood strip construction.)



Dick Gamble's Outer Island sea kayak, built for him by Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayaks from a design by Jay Babina.

The assembled multitude gathers on the beach to watch an on-the-water demo.

Michael Vermouth of Newfound Woodworks demonstrating fiberglassing the inside of a stripper canoe hull.

Well-known small boat designer and Rend Lake Messabout organizer Jim Michalak, in a sample of his Roar design, a most excellent rowing boat for realistic conditions. Design catalog is $1 from Jim at 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

Regular messabouters Larry and Kingston Appelbaum, of St. Louis, Missouri, in their new Swamp Yankee canoes. The Swamp Yankee has beautiful lines, handles speedboat wakes like raindrops and is very easy to build. For plans, contact Robert W. Sparks, 36 Soundview Heights, Branford, CT, 06405, (203) 488-5932, members.aol.com/swmpyanke Default.htm.

Lake Monroe Messabout

By Larry Appelbaum

The 7th Annual Lake Monroe Messabout was held, as usual, on the third weekend in September at the Paynetown State Recreation Area on beautiful Lake Monroe, near Bloomington, Indiana. The weather was relatively great for one of our Midwest Messabouts, with only 15 minutes of rain on Saturday evening, mostly-sunny skies, and nicely warm temperatures the whole time. Attendance was also good, with about 18 messabouters, including a few new faces, plus some other visitors.

The photos show the action on the water. Breakfast both days was graciously provided as usual by John and Barbara Sellers of Dayton, Ohio. Homemade ice cream was provided again, as usual, by John and Susan McDaniels, of Columbus, Indiana. They are beginning construction of a 40' steel cruising boat, custom designed by Phil Bolger.

For advance notice on next year's Lake Monroe Messabout, contact Bob Bringle, 141 E. 44th St., Indianapolis, IN, 46205, (317) 283-8321, <rbringle@indyvax.iupui.edu>. We also hold a spring Midwest Messabout at the Gun Creek Recreation Area at Rend Lake in Illinois, on the weekend before Father's Day. For information on the Rend Lake Messabout, contact Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL, 62254, www.apci.net/~michalak, <michalak@ap ci.net>.

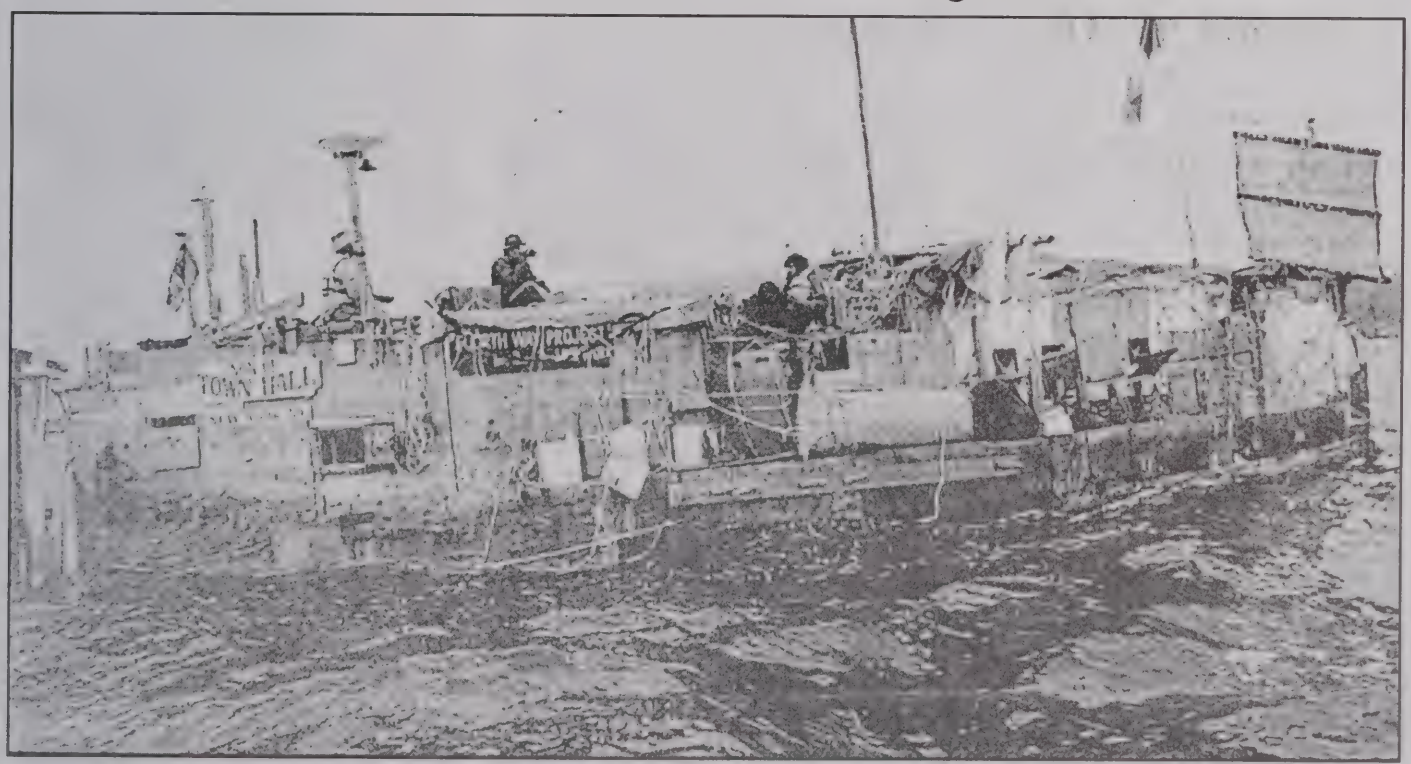
Regular messabouters, and soon-to-be Florida liveaboard residents, Steve and Elisabeth Howe of Valley Park (St. Louis), Missouri. This is their "practice boat", a Bogler/Payson Windsprint. They have a nearly complete Wharram-designed Tiki-26 cruising catamaran at home.

Dave Gray, of Fishers, Indiana, in his lightweight fishing boat of his own design, constructed of styrofoam insulation board. Dave also produces and sells polytarp sail kits. For information, contact him at 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN, 46038, <polysail@aol.com>.

Up-and-coming designer Kilburn Adams, of Affton (St. Louis), Missouri, shares the details of his museum-quality model of Jim Michalak's new AF-4 low power cruiser design. In the background is Kilburn's Sturdee-Dory cruising conversion which was the cover feature in the June 15, 1998 issue of this magazine. For information, send a SASE to 9223 Lemona Dr., Affton, MO 63123, home.stlnet.com/~kilburn, <kilburn@stlnet.com>.

Messabout organizer Bob Bringle in one of his beautifully built cedar strip canoes. Bob travelled to the Messabout by boat in his classic MacGregor Venture Newport 23 (not shown). The canoe is an ideal tender for gunkholing on midwestern lakes.

Son of Town Hall Sails to England



In the June 1st issue you published a letter and photo from reader Charlie Ballou concerning a shantyboat he saw docked in Newfoundland. Perhaps readers might like to know what it was doing there.

It was enroute to Ireland and set sail June 15th. After nine weeks the four person (and three dog) crew spotted the coast of Ireland and successfully came into port at Castletownbere.

Locals rubbed their eyes in disbelief as the 55' floating shack, *Son of Town Hall*, arrived. Crewman David Pearlman, 65, triumphantly announced, "The *Titanic* made it as a movie but not as a ship. We made it as a ship!"

"Calling it a ship would be generous," commented another local, "it looks more like a garden shed afloat."

The four person crew, all veterans of houseboat living alongside Manhattan, spent six years building the craft from scrap salvaged from the river, dumped from construction sites. Pearlman said the cost came to about $300 all in.

After three weeks of light winds got them no further than 100 miles, the winds picked up and carried them right into a storm. Surviving this, they ran low on food after 30 days but were resupplied by a passing Russian freighter.

Crewman Ed Garry was quoted on arrival as saying, "Maybe we are a bit crazy, but we're here now and want to have a shower and a pint and meet the beautiful people of Ireland."

Tom King, Dalton, MA (quoted from a newspaper report).

Hosmer Lake, Mt. Bachelor in background.

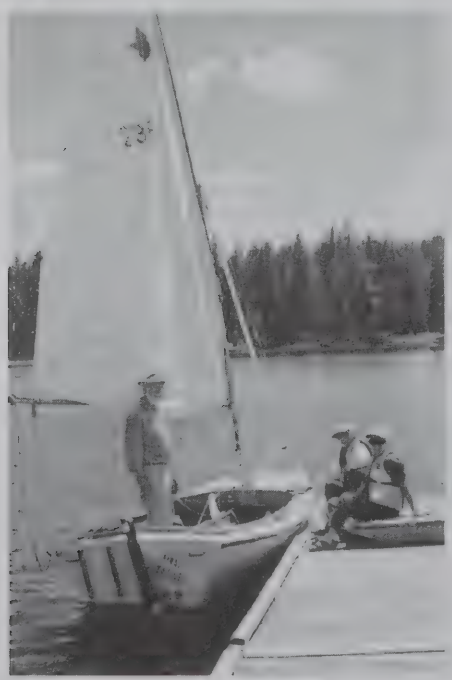
Boating in Central Oregon

By Bob Smithson

When I told my friends in the Puget Sound area that I was moving to Bend in central Oregon, which is high desert, their first question was, "What are you doing? Giving up sailing?" Indeed, I had some reservations about that, but they were soon dispelled. There is ample water and good sailing, canoeing, and both flat and whitewater kayaking in the area.

There are many lakes and rivers, but I will only describe those of which I have first-hand knowledge.

About 40 miles north of Bend is Billy Chinook Reservoir. This is a large reservoir formed by a dam below the junction of the Metolious, Crooked, and Deschutes rivers. The arms formed by the three rivers are 12, 8.5, and 6 miles long respectively, and there is over 60 miles of shoreline. The average depth is 120 feet with a maximum of 450 feet. The water is 400-500 feet below the surrounding plateau, which makes for some interesting sailing given the wind gusts and eddies. There are two big launch ramps, lots of power boats and fishermen, and a state park with RV and tent sites nearby.



Cultus Lake; me, my wife, a friend, and Pelican #2366.

About 35 miles west of Bend, US 20 skirts Suttle Lake. This is a well-known and used lake formed by glaciation. It is about a mile-and-a-half long and a half-mile wide and can get windy. I should have realized that the first time there when I saw sailboards at the camp sites. Sailing is good because the wind direction is relatively constant. There are several campgrounds and four launch ramps. Good hiking in the area, too.

About 10 miles west of Suttle is Big Lake. This lake sits almost on the top of the Cascade range at 4600'. There is a NFS campground and a launch ramp. We visited it on our way home from the Memorial Day Regatta at Eugene a couple of years ago, and it was freezing at night!

From Bend, the Cascade Lakes Highway goes west and south. There are numerous lakes, nearly all with launch ramps and campgrounds. The first is Sparks which is very shallow, but has lots of little inlets in the 10 miles of shoreline. A short distance further is Devils Lake. Very small (23 acres), but in a beautiful setting with a campground adjacent. Best suited for canoeing.

A few miles further are Elk and Hosmer lakes. Elk is the larger, about two miles long and one mile wide at the widest, and has more sailing, but with the usual tricky mountain winds. There are launch ramps, campgrounds, and picnic areas all around the lake. Hosmer is the canoeists' favorite. It is restricted to human powered and electric motors only. It is a dying lake in that it is gradually silting up and has lots of marshy areas with little passages to explore. Hosmer is the only lake west of the Mississippi that has been successfully stocked with Atlantic salmon. Fishing is restricted to flies and barbless hooks, and the salmon must be returned to the water. There are brook trout and probably rainbows that can be kept.

Seven or eight miles on from Elk is Cultus Lake. This is one of the better lakes for sailing as there are few tall peaks to cause the wind to swirl. Cultus drains into Crane Prairie Reservoir about four miles away. Crane Prairie is an impoundment on the Deschutes River with a number of launch ramps and campgrounds. It is popular with fishermen. Because it is an impoundment, there are lots of dead trees and snags, which make any sailing an exercise in tacking and gybing. There are a large number of osprey that nest in the snags and surrounding trees.

Crane Prairie drains into Wickiup Reservoir, another impoundment, and the largest lake in the area when it is full in the spring and early summer at 10,300 acres with 50 miles of shoreline. Like Cultus, it is in an open area and sailing is great for small boats. It is also a good fishing lake with mostly brown trout being stocked. There is good canoeing where the Deschutes River and Davis Creek enter the reservoir, Adjacent to Wickiup are the Twin Lakes.

These are nearly circular lakes, about a half-mile in diameter, formed when rising magma came into contact with groundwater, causing a large steam explosion that created craters that later filled with seepage and precipitation. They are fun to canoe and fish in. The Deschutes River from the Wickiup Dam for about 10 miles is a great Class 1 trip in a canoe or kayak. Be sure to take out before Pringle Falls, a Class 4 rapid for expert

kayakers only. There are warning signs posted, but the prudent boatman will keep a careful eye on the map.

More difficult to reach is Waldo Lake off of SR58, but it's worth the trip. Waldo is the second largest (6300 acres, 420' deep) natural lake in Oregon and is also near the crest of the Cascade Range at 5400'. Because there are no streams entering the lake and the drainage area is small, the water is a brilliant cobalt blue and so clear that the bottom is visible at depths of more than 80'. It is a good sailing lake, but one must watch for sudden increases in wind and take appropriate action. Because of the altitude it gets cool in the evenings nearly all year. Mosquitoes are also a problem when you get out of the wind, but the setting and remoteness make up for minor inconveniences.

These are but a few of the bodies of water in Central Oregon that are good for our favorite sport. If traveling this way, bring your boat. One should be cautious when reading reports of what is good and what is not. I recall reading in a trailer sailing article about Summer Lake in South Central Oregon as being a good place to sail. Summer Lake has an average depth of 2' when it is full, which is almost never, and it is very alkaline.

If you are ever this way, give me a call and I'll try and pass on any helpful information.

Bob Smithson, 988 NE Locksley, Bend, OR 97701, tel 541 -382-6470.

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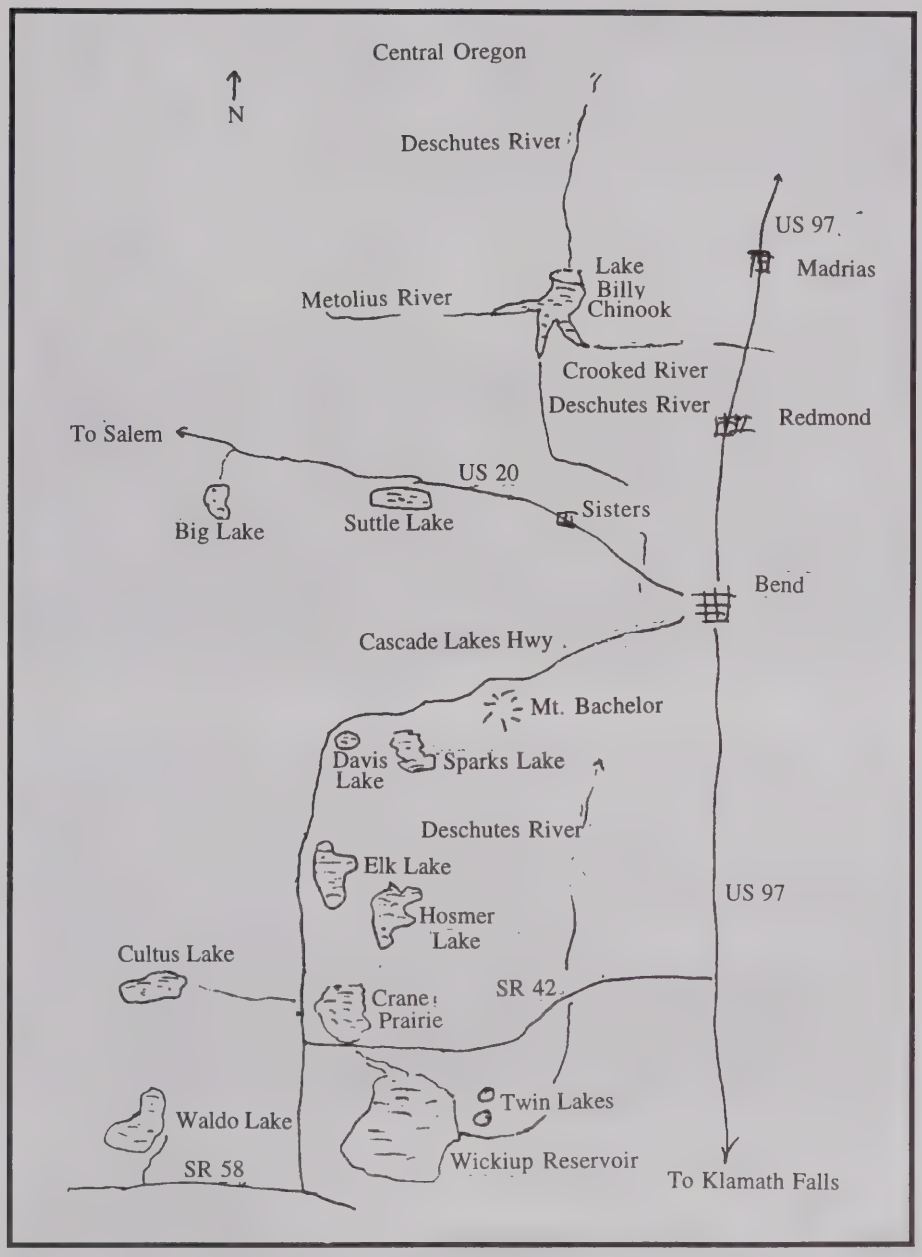


Saratoga Passage San Juan Islands Row

Part I

By Frank Cameron

The San Juan Islands are a small group of about 50 islands on the border between Washington State and British Columbia, Canada. Their compact configuration, all 50 islands are within a 25 mile square, their rugged beauty and abundance of small harbors make them an excellent location for a serious rowing excursion. Scattered among them are numerous campgrounds, public beaches, hiking trails, and nature preserves that combine to make them a beach cruiser paradise. They also have an abundance of wild life ranging from seals, eagles, raccoons, and foxes to a wide variety of water fowl.

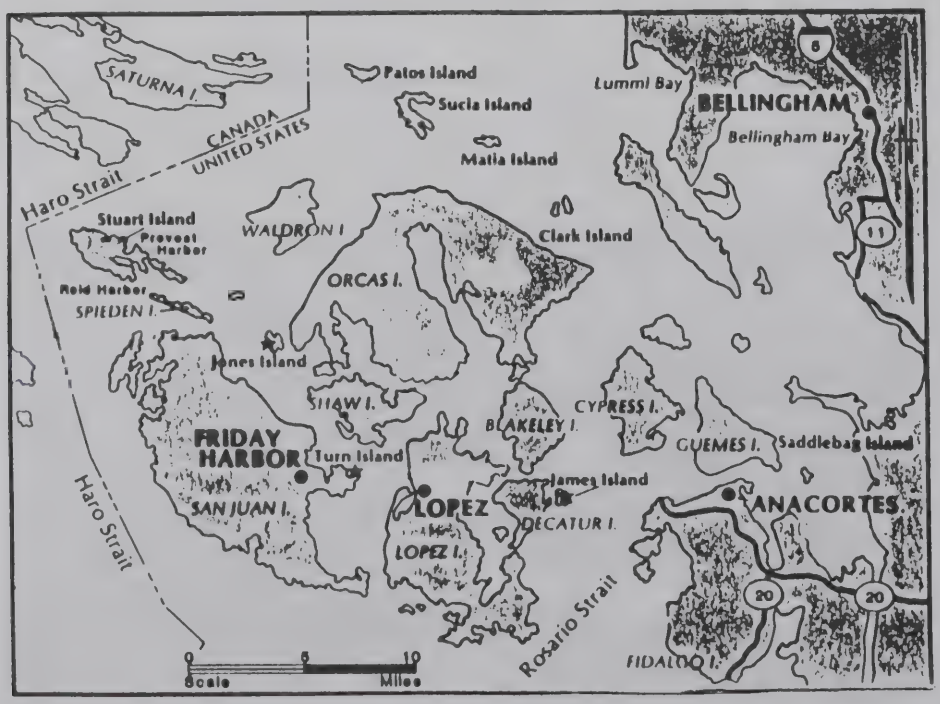
The number of islands is unclear. How big is a rock before it's an island? Is it an island if it disappears at high tide? Is a reef an island or a bunch of rocks? The number is not really important, they are a magnificent archipelago. Marge Mueller, in her guidebook, *San Juan Islands, Afoot and Afloat*, states there are "about 200" islands. On the chart of the San Juans, there are about 50 pieces of land with names sticking above the water.

Their location provides unique wind and water conditions. They lie at the east end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, connecting to the Pacific Ocean, and they lie at the south end of the Strait of Georgia. Winds blow through the Strait of Juan de Fuca unimpeded from the west, and through the Strait of Georgia from the north.

The tide floods north through the San Juan Islands to the Strait of Georgia. The ebb is increased by the outflow of the Fraser River. A tremendous volume of water flows through the islands at each tidal change. The range and intensity of tide and wind add an interesting dimension to the boating skills required to competently navigate the islands. Depending on the tides, reported currents can exceed 3 knots in some channels and 8 knots in Deception Pass.

For small boats, especially rowboats, tide and current information is essential. Most tide books also have current charts for Rosario Strait and Deception Pass. The Canadian publication, *Current Atlas for Juan de Fuca Strait to Strait of Georgia*, and the annual supplementary publication, *Washburne's Tables*, give details on current strength, time, direction, and location.

Sandpiper on launch day back in 1995.



With the beauty, accessibility and reputation of the islands, large numbers of tourists and boaters flock to the islands each summer. Many stay in or near the towns served by the ferries and offering shore power, hot showers, and indoor plumbing. Some campgrounds and islands are visited by relatively few. I've had anchorages, public campgrounds, and entire islands to myself for a day or a night, even in July and August.

Major shipping lanes go through the islands, so large tankers bound for Anacortes or Cherry Point and freighters bound for Vancouver are common. There is frequent tug and barge traffic also, as well as fishing boats. Add some small commuter boats, car ferries, sea planes, and the occasional cruise ship, and some of the channels and harbors are extremely busy. However, larger ships generally travel through Haro and Rosario Straits, and car ferries east and west through the central channel leaving huge expanses of water free of shipping.

For the past three summers I have rowed through portions of the San Juan Islands on vacation cruises. Each cruise has revisited some favorite locations, with visits to a few "new" islands added, and a few changes in routing. The cruises have been 11 or 12 days each, starting and finishing in Seattle, except one that ended in Everett. Weather has varied from 11 fantastic days to being weathered in for 2 to 3 days due to high winds, drenching downpours, or fog.

The same 18'10" Ballard Dory named *SandPiper* has been used on each cruise. Decked over fore and aft, it has lockers enclosed with bulkheads for weathertight storage of food and camping gear. Of the 30 nights on the trips, I've camped ashore 17 nights and slept aboard 13 nights. Five days have been spent ashore because of weather or to explore and hike.

The most common question about the boat is about the weight. Although the boat has never been weighed, the weight is estimated to be less than 200 pounds. With me, two weeks provisions, camping gear, a couple cases of beer, and 10 gallons of water, total weight is probably around 500 pounds. As there is over 100 pounds of water and beer on board, there is considerable fluctuation in overall weight as supplies are consumed and replenished.

The first few days of the cruise are spent rowing long miles, sorting and stowing gear to improve trim, getting into the rhythm of the tides, generally relearning the joy of being on the water, and eating and drinking my way into the boat. The first night's anchorage has been near Camano Head, either at Hat Island or Sandy Point. The second night's anchorage has been at Polnell Point, Whidbey Island. However, on the most recent trip, with very favorable tides and winds, on the second day I reached Hope Island.

By the time Hope Island was near, the winds had increased from the north and it was a slow hard pull to get around the island to find the sheltered bay mentioned in the guide books. The exposed rocky cove I found seemed very inhospitable and a rough night was anticipated. A passing fisherman shouted that there was a better anchorage around the point. A short row and I was in a very calm,

sheltered little bay.

Hope Island, and its neighbors Goat and Skagit, are the southern end of the typical San Juan Islands. They have magnificent rocky bluffs and headlands, stunted trees, and dry grasses. The bluffs are indented sometimes with perfect little sheltered bays with gravel beaches at the head of the bay. They share the other similarity of having no drinking water.

The departure from Hope Island was rather leisurely. The ebb slack at Deception Pass wasn't until noon, and Deception Pass was only four miles away. There was plenty of time for exploration of Cornet Bay and its marinas. After being in Cornet Bay for an hour, a workboat came alongside, cut the engines, and someone shouted, "Boatshop on the beach is rower friendly!" and roared away into the pass. By then it was time to follow him into the pass, the visit to the rower friendly boatshop would have to be another time.

Deception Pass is short, narrow, and beautiful with high rock walls and a bridge high overhead. Even near slack tide the water is very turbulent. As I went into the main pass, two pleasure boats, one towing the other, approached from the other direction. As they approached, they were caught in the current, turned sideways, and swept on through the channel, still sideways in the channel. As I left the west end, a huge tug with a log tow entered. The log raft would nearly fill the channel. As they disappeared into the pass, there was a great tootleing of danger signals.

Now in the Strait of Juan de Fuca I could look into Bowman Bay and Rosario Bay, both on Fidalgo Island. Either bay could be a good anchorage if the north wind picked up. However, the day's row continued pretty much as planned. After slow progress north against the ebb, following the kelp and bluffs near Fidalgo, Burrows, and Allen Islands, I moved out into Rosario Strait in the afternoon. There the current of the flood tide assisted me to reach Matia Island for the night. The current increased the speed over the ground to over 6 knots during the last hour of travel. Time for a swim, then I cooked dinner on board and went to sleep listening to seabirds chattering and fussing.

Another spectacular vista.

After rowing approximately 90 miles in three days ,the fourth was an easy 10 miles past Sucia Island and Clements Reef to Active Cove on Patos Island. But first there was a visit to the home harbor of an island boating legend. Elvin Haworth Smith, Captain in the Union Army, settled on Matia Island shortly after 1890. He established his little homestead near a small bay on the south side of the island. Weekly he rowed to Orcas Island to get his mail, groceries, and to visit friends. In February, 1921, he was 86 years old and had lived on the island nearly 30 years.

He must have had a wonderful life on his private 150-acre island with his perfect little bay. He and a visitor were lost in a storm while returning to his home on Matia. By then, he had accepted advancing technology and advancing age and was using one of the early outboard motors. The motor, still attached to the transom of his boat, was found on a mainland beach the following summer.

A visit to Patos is a major reason for making the journey to the islands, magnificent scenery, a lighthouse, wild, turbulent waters, and excellent camping, swimming, and hiking. Questionable anchoring conditions limit the use of the island to a few bold boaters. A few miles west in Canadian waters lies Boiling Reef and Saturna Island with its lighthouse. This nearness and open border have enticed smugglers for generations. The discreet presence of two heavily armed, uniformed men in a gray, high-powered law enforcement boat was a reminder that smuggling is still an active profession in these waters. Helene Glidden, in her book *Light on the Island*, about her childhood on Patos, also wrote of smugglers here nearly 100 years ago.

(To Be Continued)

A spectacular vista.

Sandpiper in a cove at Matia Island.

Storm Boat Motor

By Robb White

Back in the early 50's, people still thought that outboard motors should be something that one person could carry down and clamp on the stern of a boat by themselves. But, they were beginning to fudge a little. My father had an Evinrude 30 that I believe was the first electric start outboard motor in the world. It would stagger him pretty good while he was waddling down to the boat with it in the deep sand. It was a silly motor all around. Though it had a little vestigial starter on it, it didn't have any generator, so after about two days he had to stagger back through the deep sand with the battery.

Before the gremlins that eat all outboard motors had destroyed it, the situation evolved down to where we left off the foolishness with the battery and just pulled the rope. Fortunately, the motor had a real recoil starter hidden under it's cover, you had to open this silly little door to get to the handle. In spite of all this, I sort of liked that motor because in my speedy youth, it would trot the old Lyman pretty good and I thought it was hot stuff, at least until I saw my first storm boat motor.

I had gone to this lake with the Lyman to show the girls and everybody else what was what, when this guy launched a little plywood monstrosity with a big naked-style antique looking outboard on the stem. I thought to myself, "Look-a-here at this piece of junk, let me blow him out of the water with my streamlined 30 horse Evinrude Lark." When he got it in the water, the boat was so down by the stern from the weight of the cast iron looking motor that the sheen of gas and oil from the foot threatened to follow the water in over the top of the transom.

The man couldn't get back in the stern to go through the motions of starting this thing for fear of sinking, so he stood in the shallows while he did all his doings and wrapped the rope around the flywheel. Then he got in, quickly pulled the rope before the whole business sank, and when the motor fired, he scrambled forward to get to the steering wheel. The old motor started pooling smoke and hopping and jerking violently back and forth and began to almost run a little. The man sat there on the seat and clutched the steering wheel like he expected something to happen and something did.

The damn thing backfired four feet of smoky yellow flame from the front and a gout of blue smoke from the stern and seemed to explode. when it cleared the pall of smoke it was already going about 60 (probably an accurate estimate from later experience). That man ran all over the lake with that thing. It bellowed like a bull and left such a sheen on the water that, if it had been these days, the Coast Guard would have sent the C-130. I kept the Lyman up there next to the grass. I didn't know that boats could go that fast. I decided to find out a little more about it.

Well, it was a storm boat motor. They were built by Evinrude for the government about World War II. The intention was to propel a sacrificial landing craft, called a "storm boat," full of sacrificial men at planing speed on a one-way trip to storm the beach. Somehow, they figured out some other way to sacrifice the men and when the war was over, there were a bunch of these old motors left and they were sold cheap as surplus. Some people made little race cars out of them and some were fool enough to actually put them on boats.

I had found the source. That man had about 25 of them, all in their original wood boxes complete with propellers, spare parts, instruction manuals, and carrying handles. He was ready to let one get away from him, too. He showed me how cut them down to size (they were very long in the foot in the original configuration), re-pitch the propeller (the gear ratio was about one to one, needed more pitch for a little boat), drill two big holes in the muffler to let out the noise, and mix the gas (I might be wrong, but it seems to me that it was one quart of 50 weight motor oil to the gallon) to make the sheen that was always in the water around one of those old motors.

It was a peculiar motor compared to what we are used to now. I guess it was an offshoot to the old 2-cylinder opposed engines of the 30's. A storm boat motor was 4-cylinder opposed, 2-stroke cycle. It acted more like a 2-cylinder engine because both the cylinders on each side fired together. The reason for the four cylinders, I was told, was because the pistons would be too big to cool properly in the center if the motor had only had two and they were trying to build the biggest 2-stroke engine they could. To enhance the spark for starting, there was a doohickey that shorted out the two plugs on the port side, so when it first started, it was actually running like a 1-cylinder engine, a rough running 1-cylinder engine, had a side-to-side snatch to it that would break the arm of anyone who tried to interfere.

The starting ritual was like this. First, you opened the gas shut-off and the vent on the cap of the gravity feed gas tank. Then you retarded the spark (necessary if you wanted to stay in the boat with the pull rope), wrapped the rope in the flywheel groove, hit the primer pump on the carburetor a certain number of strokes according to the temperature of the engine and the air, opened the throttle wide, waited for your knees to quit knocking, and gave a hell of a pull.

If you had figured the number of priming strokes right, the engine would start. If it didn't, you could hit the primer again and take a chance on flooding the crankcase, which required all four plugs to come out and be dried off and the flywheel spun enough to clear the gas from the crankcase and cylinders. That's where part of the sheen of gas that accompanied these engines came from. Cranking one of them was a matter of intuition, brute strength, dedication, and reckless desperation.

After the engine started (running on the two starboard cylinders) you had to quickly advance the spark, stand to one side, hit the wildly gyrating doohickey which let the electricity in to the portside plugs. There was no neutral. She was already underway, and you better get underway for the steering wheel yourself so, if the two port side plugs weren't fouled, you could outrun the quart of flaming gasoline that belched from the carburetor when those two cylinders went to work and so you could be in a position to try to steer when the boat hit the water after the initial leap.

After that, it was just plain loud stinking joy for a little while. The engine wouldn't run at anything much less than full throttle without fouling the plugs, so you had to let it eat, and eat it did. There were some storm boat motor men who could manipulate the independent spark and throttle enough to get it to go at half speed for a little while in an emergency, but nobody could make one idle. For me, it was wide open all the time, at least until the gas gave out. When that happened, the silence was deafening. The old motor would sit back there stinking and sizzling water and frying oil just daring you to pour some more gas in the tank.

I had a girlfriend back then. She was not the one I married and was not built for that kind of duty. She got kind of disgruntled after I had whipped black greasy streaks from that stinking gas-soaked starter rope on her yellow bathing suit and naked hide over and over again trying to crank the storm boat motor. I had a feeling that the end of our relationship was near. Finally, we went on a trip down the Suwanee River.

I had gotten to be pretty good at running that thing by then and we didn't have any bad trouble until the bar that held the two steering cable pulleys vibrated off the back of the motor (vibrate ain't exactly the right word) and the thing kicked all the way over and popped the top board off the transom and came in the boat with us, bellowing like a bull and biting like an alligator. It was hard to get one of the son of a bitches to start and hard to get this one to stop.

By the time I finally managed to find a way to stop it without losing my hand, it had gnawed up the whole stern of the boat and was hopping up front after us. My girlfriend and me had to walk about 10 miles up the river bank back to the boat ramp to get the car. The skeeters ate that girl up, too. She gave me up after that, eventually married a chiropractor and, as far as I know, has never set foot in a boat again.

I kept my storm boat motor for years on a sawhorse out under the lumber shed. I told myself that I was going to build just the perfect boat for it one of these days, but one day I was out there looking for a board when I smelled an old familiar stench. It seems that one of the legs of the sawhorse had rotted off and pitched the old bastard, carburetor down, in the dirt and a tiny bit of the ancient essence had dribbled out. I just left her lay. I guess I just ain't the man I used to be. Oh, well.

The Seven-Minute Helmsman

A Much Treasured and Hardworking Brigantine with an Impressive History

By Mark Steele

There's nothing quite like going out on a graceful 19th-century brigantine to fire ones own imagination, for old ships that have survived the ravages of time and tides and traveled on a great many oceans of the world are often landlubber heart stealers par excellence.

New Zealand, soon to host the America's Cup (and I am not one seeking to rub salt by even the mere mention of the wounds of America's loss of a famous trophy), is blessed with having not only a wonderful harbour and gulf that serve as a playground for sail boating, but by being home port to the magnificent 145' *Soren Larsen,* one of the most famous tall ships afloat in the world today. No museum piece, this star of the BBC television series Onedin Line is an oceangoing, world circumnavigating square rigger that has been beautifully restored and continues to be faithfully maintained.

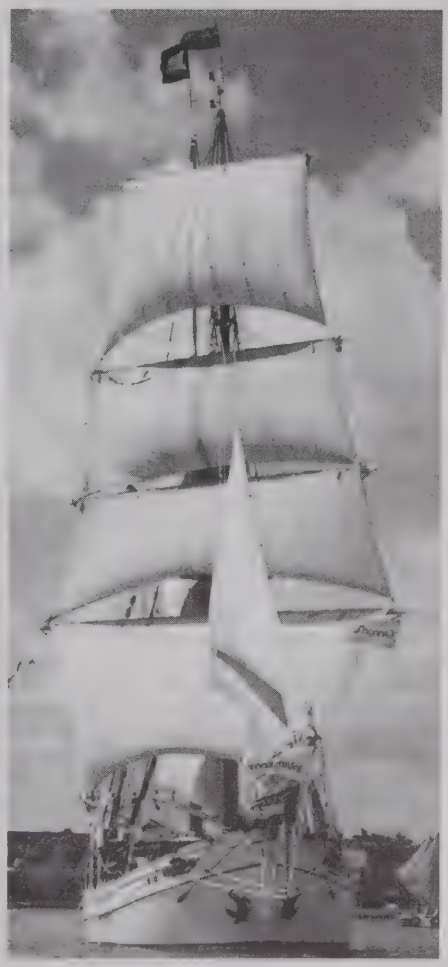
A few months ago I cruised Auckland's Hauraki Gulf for a day aboard this boat that has, in her almost 50-year life span, also rounded infamous Cape Horn, experienced the sight and sound of billowing sails and gentle creaking of ropes and timber, and joined teams to work the ship, thereby experiencing under guidance just a little of what goes into sailing a ship of some 350 tonnes displacement. I even momentarily took the wheel and, aided by my imagination, the excitement of the step back in time was simply magic. I swear I gained an extra year of life from so doing.

Owned by the Davies family, the *Soren Larsen* was also "ship star" in the film *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and the film *Shackleton,* in which she played the roles of three separate ships, the *Endurance*, the *Discovery,* and the *Nimrod* and was sailed to the Arctic's pack ice, the first wooden sailing ship to reach the Greenland Arctic Circle in 70 years. In 1982 she pioneered sailing for the disabled with the Jubilee Sailing Trust, which led directly to the commissioning of that trust's purpose-designed barque *The Lord Nelson.*

In 1987, the square rigger was appointed flagship to the First Fleet's Reenactment voyage from London via Portsmouth, Teneriffe, Rio De Janeiro, Cape Town, Mauritius, and Freemantle to Sydney, Australia for that country's bicentenary, a series of voyages so well recorded in *Sailing Home,* a pictorial book put out by Angus & Robertson Publishers.

It was in late 1991 that *Soren Larsen* completed a circumnavigation of the world, sailing back to Europe along the Clipper Route across the Southern Ocean, her log book records that she rounded Cape Horn on December 9, 1991, in the process becoming the first British square rigger to do so for almost 50 years. In 1992 she arrived in Lisbon to join the "Gran Regatta Columbus" and the Tall Ships race across the Atlantic to Puerto Rico and Boston, and then sailed to Liverpool, England, where she was a winner of her class, an event documented by the BBC in *The Last Great Adventure.*

As I check my precious copy of the book given to me by my model yacht sailing friend Roy Lake, I can see that the voyage flagship was built in the shipyard of Soren Larsen & Sons and designed as a traditional three hatch, single hold Baltic trader that for some 22 years traded throughout Scandinavia, Britain, Northern Europe, and Iceland carrying general cargo such as wheat, beans, and timber. Tony and Robin Davies of Squaresail Britain (now Squaresail Pacific) bought her in 1978 after she had been gutted by fire and laid up.



Since then, the ship has sailed over 150,000 nautical miles and cruised around New Zealand and the islands of the South Pacific, where she has become a familiar sight to the friendly people of Fiji, the Cook Islands, Tonga, Samoa, Vanuatu, New Caledonia, and Tahiti. When not cruising, she is a familiar sight opposite the Auckland Maritime Museum near the upcoming America's Cup village.

In 1999, the vessel has an extensive schedule of Discovery Cruises of Auckland's Hauraki Gulf, each one of several days duration, wonderful opportunities for visitors to enjoy the sailing of the ship and seeing a bit of New Zealand's seabird life, as well as common and bottlenose dolphins dancing in the boat's bow wave. For those in New Zealand at the start of the millennium, another cruise offers the opportunity to see the first light dawn from onboard, and in January 2000 the vessel will be doing public daysail cruises to watch the racing in the America's Cup off Auckland.

For those in the U.S. not planning to be in New Zealand for the Cup, the *Soren Larsen's* 2000/2001 World Odyssey cruise will take this amazing boat via the Pacific to Easter Island and Panama for the Opsail 2000 and Tall Ships 2000 where she will race with the world tall ship fleet, and will be in Miami, Norfolk, Philadelphia, New York (for July 4th) and Boston.

To a modelmaker with patience and woodwork skills, this ex Baltic Trader, though presenting a great challenge, would result in an impressive RC subject, while to those with a yen for experiencing the real thing, she is available. The opportunity to go for a sail aboard the *Soren Larsen,* to my way of thinking, provides those who have sailed aboard square riggers in days of old with an experience that refreshes their tired and often jaded memories.

For those like myself, born within a different time frame when steam had long replaced tall masted, hugely canvassed vessels, well a day on the *Soren Larsen* provided a brief but grand insight into what it was like. For anyone presented with that opportunity today, I would say, grab it without delay.

For those interested in specifications, her length is 145' sparred, beam 26'6", draft 11'3", mast height of 98', sail area of 6750 square feet, she carries a crew of 12, and can accommodate in two or four berth cabins.

I shall certainly make an effort to again cruise aboard her, perhaps for a longer cruise next time, perhaps an increased time at the wheel.

The poet Wordsworth wrote:

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and sky,"

to which I add the following:

"Every man should sail the *Soren,* before being allowed to die."

Full details from Squaresail Pacific Ltd., P.O. Box 310, Kumou, Auckland 1250, New Zealand, phone and fax 64 09 4118484.

Building Tyler's Tortoise
A Promise Kept
Part 2

Story and photos by Edward H. Wiser

Builder and boat, "I'm glad it's done!"

It was at this stage that I decided to rig the dinghy for sailing as well as rowing. Having missed the Christmas deadline, there was plenty of time to take on this additional task and have the boat done in time for Ty's birthday. The special motivation was a promise made when he was only five. It was common for us to spend Saturday afternoons roaming around marinas and boatyards like a couple of wharf rats. Often, we would have lunch on the lawn at Miami Yacht Club on Watson Island and watch the kids learning to sail Optimist prams.

Tyler really wanted to get out there on his own boat, but the club requires the kids to be 8 years old to participate. It was then that I promised that when he became old enough, I'd make sure he learned to sail. It was a commitment we both remembered whenever we saw those Optimist sails. Of course, at the time neither of us suspected that not only would he be on the water but he would be there in his own boat.

I was fortunate to find most of what I needed at local used marine gear consignment shops. Following Phil Bolger's suggestion to eliminate the daggerboard and its case, I opted to use a leeboard that I attached by installing a bronze oarlock socket on the gunwale with the socket mounted on the horizontal plane. Using a stainless machine screw, I ran it through the socket and through the side of the leeboard. Then I secured it with a wing nut.

To keep the board from chafing the hull, I added another piece of stainless steel rubrail on the chine log. Here again the doublewide gunwale came in handy by providing a structure strong enough to take the strain of grounding. I got a leeboard of suitable dimensions for $5 from Sailorman and jumped across the street to see Pete Bonds at Nautical Castaways. I got a section of mast and a boom for $20, picked up a mahogany rudder, and got a free answer to a perplexing problem.

Leeboard installation.

I had been pondering how to mount the mast. Bolger's plans call for a box approximately 2"x2" glued well forward on the inside starboard side. This off-center arrangement didn't feel right to me, I wanted to step the mast on the centerline. A mast thwart at the top was clearly the way to go, but what about the step? I've become accustomed in this age of fiberglass to seeing mast sockets on almost every small sailboat, but Pete suggested putting a plug on the step that the hollow mast section would fit over. This would not only be simple to make, but would remove the socket arrangement as a water retainer. It was a great idea, and I'm grateful to him for it.

Looking around his shop I saw a teak disc, around 8" in diameter, maybe 1-1/4" thick, with beveled sides. Picking it up I said, "Do you know what this is, Pete?" He should have known what was coming next, but dryly replied, "That, my friend, is a mounting pad for an old bronze winch." "Oh, no, it's not," I said, "This is a mast step for a kid's first boat." And so it became.

Returning home, I rough sanded the spot where the step would go and glued the teak disc in place. Now the curvature of the bottom meant that the pad was not perpendicular to the mast. To correct for this I used a 2" hole saw and scored about 3/8" into the pad to create a cut inline with the plane of the mast. This left a cutout in the center of the pad that was round when viewed from above but wedge-shaped in cross section. After removing this with a chisel, there was a 2" round base, perpendicular to the mast, which served beautifully for attaching the plug. This was another simple affair. Using the same 2" hole saw, I cut a piece out of a 2"x4", glued it in place, and used a stainless lag screw through the hole left by the saw mandrel to reinforce the join. I then coated the step with epoxy and three coats of white paint.

Mast step and thwart.

The mast thwart was fashioned from a piece of 1"x4" cut to length, a 2" hole cut in the middle and, after painting, I fastened it inside the hull to the underside of the gunwale. This was done with marine sealant and stainless through bolts.

Now it was time for some refined finishing touches. Recognizing that there are few names more Irish than Jesse Tyler Kelley, I painted the exterior sides with three coats of Kelly Green, but left the bow, stern, interior, chine logs, and gunwales in hi-gloss white. The effect was surprisingly striking and broke up the monotony of the previously all-white hull.

From a local automotive graphics shop, I got a laminate printout of the name *Tyler's Tortoise* in 6" letters with a 6" tortoise outline between the two words of the name. These white letters contrasted nicely with the green background and really dressed up the hull.

Next came bronze oarlock sockets, two seats cut from 1"x8", attachment of gudgeons, and fabrication of a flag staff socket from a 3/4" PVC pipe coupling. That left one important detail undone. To finish *Tortoise* like the proper little yacht she is, I got a brass oval plate from a jewelry store and had them engrave it as follows: "*Tyler's Tortoise*, built for J. Tyler Kelley, March, 1998. I glued this inside the bow transom on the centerline just below the gunwale.

Although the mast and boom are in place, I don't have a sail yet. Instead of buying one, I plan to make one from scratch. That is something I haven't tried before and it should keep my weekends occupied for a while. The sprit rig Payson/Bolger used on the 15' skiff *Gypsy* looks mighty attractive and should work well if scaled down to 35 square feet.

In this article I've glossed over some important construction details. This is because the plans come with a list of construction tips that don't need to be duplicated here. Even more valuable is the chapter on building Tortoise in Payson's book *Building the New Instant Boats*. Anyone interested in light, easily built, and innovative small boats should have this one, plus its companions *Instant Boats* and *Go Build Your Own Boat*. They are all in my library now, and I regard them as the Holy Trinity of building small boats on a budget. For these books and plans for all the "instant boats," you can reach him at Pleasant Beach Rd., South Thomaston, ME 04858.

Dynamite talks about being able to put a Tortoise together in a day-and-a-half, but he is a much more experienced boatbuilder that I am, with a bigger shop and better tools. *Tyler's Tortoise* took four months to build, but I can only guess at the man-hours involved. Often I would let a coat of paint cure for a week before sanding it with 220 grit and applying another coat. Since most of the epoxy work and painting was done on the patio, weather was a factor, too. And, like I said before, this was a special project for a special kid and it was important to take plenty of time and do the job right.

Over the course of those four months I had occasion to read Kenneth Grahame's *Wind In The Willows*, a classic that I'd missed out on as a kid. Of course, I frequently reread Dynamite's chapter on building Tortoise. From them I retained these memorable quotes: "Nothing, my young friend, absolutely nothing, is even half so much worth doing as simply going about in boats." (Grahame) "Everybody gets a kick out of watching children or grandchildren getting a kick out of Tortoise." (Payson)

To all you fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and just plain friends out there, I'd like to paraphrase them both and add one more thing. Nothing, absolutely nothing, says "I love you" better than building a boat for a kid.

The Captain & the Kid

The Captain: Ed Weiser has enjoyed a varied career, first as an artillery officer, then a commercial pilot, and since 1983 as a yacht broker and captain in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Ed just returned from and archeological expedition to coastal Ecuador, and in his spare time is writing a book about his adventures in boating. He vows to never build another boat "until the next time.". E-mail welcome at <khaki cavalier @yahoo.com>

The Kid: J. Tyler Kelley is a professional kid based in Miami, Florida. He has enjoyed phenominal growth in this career field for almost eight years. In addition to his love for boats and fishing, he shows a remarkable affinity for squirt guns of all shapes and sizes. Based upon these attributes, we expect him to become either a marine fireman or an international arms merchant.

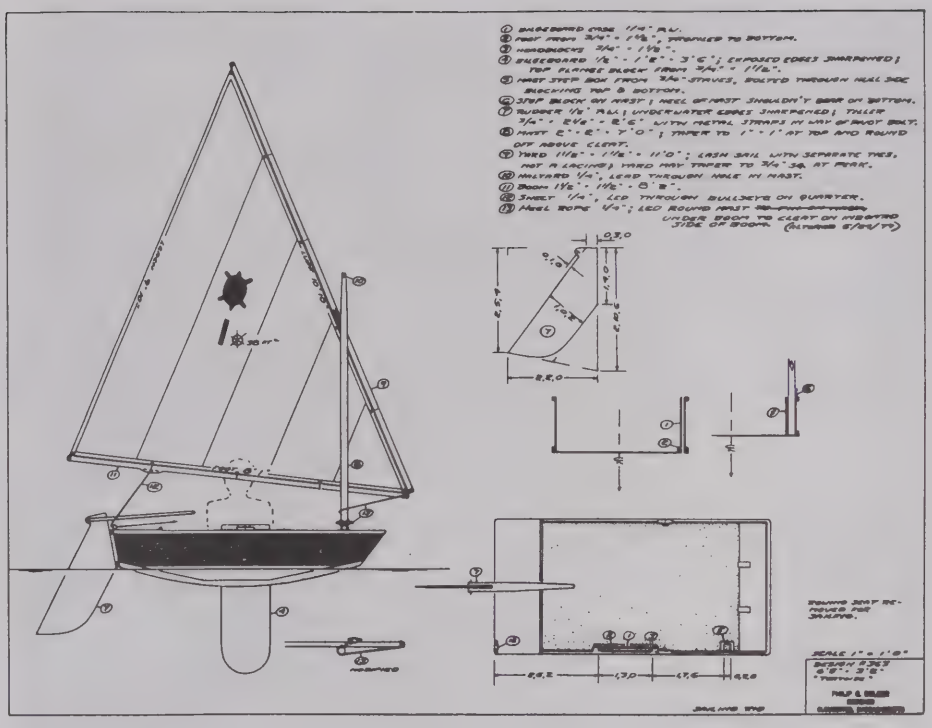


Table of Materials

Item	Quantity	Item	Quantity
1/4" AC or BC exterior plywood	2	Computer graphics for name and logo	2
3/4" x 1-5/8" x 8" pine (Standard 1x2)	10	4" bronze bow cleat	1
1x6 pine	8'	#10 brass wood screws, flathead, for oarlocks/seats	20
1x4 pine	3'	3/4" wide stainless steel rubrail	10'
1x8 pine	6'	24" chafe strip	1
#8 3/4" stainless steel, flathead, self tapping screws	100	Thickened epoxy glue	2 qts
Epoxy sealing resin	2 qts	3/4" x 3/4" x 8' pine	2
Z-Spar Hi Hide primer	1 qt	Ash pick ax handle (for tiller)	1
Z-Spar White primer	1 qt	Miscellaneous stainless hardware for mast thwart, pintles, gudgeons, tiller pin, leeboard pin,	
Z-Spar Hi-Gloss white	1-2 qts	Thinner	1 qt
1-qt. paint pots	10	Brass name plate with escutcheon pins	1
3" throwaway foam brushes	20	Perseverance	1 ton
3" throwaway bristle brushes	4		
80/150/220 grit sandpaper			
5/8" or 3/4" plywood for rudder and leeboard			
Bronze oarlock sockets	3		

Parakeet today.

History of the Skiff *Parakeet*

Part I

By Frederick Stevenson, Jr.

Eel in the '70s, duckhunting.

The occasion of this writing is the entry of the small skiff *Parakeet* in the 1997 Georgetown Wooden Boat Exhibit in Georgetown, South Carolina. In the exhibit she is classified as "Outboard Skiff with Sail."

Although I have had the little wooden boat for 31 years, her very earliest origins are unknown, even to me. She was built probably well before the 1960's by boat builders called Carolina, whose facility was, I think, in North Carolina, not far from the coastal North Carolina/South Carolina border. Perhaps a reader could help me here. In any case, I spotted her in the vicinity of Columbia, South Carolina, as an abandoned near-derelict when I was an impoverished law student at the University of South Carolina. This was in 1966.

The moment I saw the seaworthy, cocked-up bow on her small 14' length and narrow beam, I knew she was just what I wanted. I rescued her and her little red rusty trailer for the total sum of $100, and proudly carried her, nameless at the time, to a friend's pond near Columbia, where she leaked like a sieve and damn near sank.

Crestfallen, but refusing to admit a bad investment, I snatched her out of the water and proceeded to grind off her faded blue bottom paint in order to provide her with a fiberglass skin below the spray rails. At this point, the vessel had chalky white sides, a flaky wood stain interior, and now a new blue pigmented fiberglass bottom, which restored her flotation along with my dignity. She would obviously be the finest vessel ever to ply the fresh and salt waters of South Carolina.

The next step, of course, was to provide her with some affordable means of propulsion other than the new canoe paddles which had even further strained my humble budget. For this, I sought out a shop that sold used outboard engines. Among its collection of greasy old corroded motors were two 1958 18hp Evinrudes. I took one for a test run and concluded that it would make a better anchor than anything else. But the other one started on the first pull and purred like a sewing machine. It zipped us along well in excess of 20 mph, and I knew the skiff had found a mate for several years. I ransomed the second-hand engine for $125 and became an outboard motorboat owner as well as a law student.

The next two years were spent manipulating my way through law school while proudly fishing my new rig on Lake Wateree as often as possible. My fishing companion at that time, classmate Bob Mays, weighed about 350 pounds. Viewers on shore and other boatsmen appeared amazed to see his enormous form in the front seat of the boat as we planed along at peculiar angles, suggesting to those observers, I suppose, that we would swamp if we ever slowed down to fish. But despite the overload we never had a mishap (of that kind).

After graduation from law school, the beloved but still nameless vessel accompanied me back home to Charleston on its frail, rusting trailer. There, at least to my knowledge, it got its first taste of salt water. Now in the Low Country, the boat was put to duck and marsh hen hunting as well as salt water fishing, and was therefore given a coat or two of "duckboat brown" and an ever-present burlap sack to cover the blue and white Evinrude cowling.

In those days, I was willing and able to lift the 18hp motor on and off the stern and drag boat and motor separately over dikes, across land, over and under foot bridges, etc., where my hunting and fishing presence might not always be appreciated. From such practices and the now greenish brown color of its narrow hull, the vessel acquired its first name, the *Eel*.

The *Eel* and I slithered, skimmed, and drifted along in those and other endeavors through the creeks and inlets of the Low Country for a few years, equally oblivious of the new era which we were approaching together. That began in 1974 when I received and accepted an offer to serve as corporate counsel for an insurance group headquartered in Atlanta. As my most valuable possession, the *Eel* was, of course, dragged along, now perched upon a shiny new galvanized trailer as Low Country salt water had rusted away the remaining life in the little red trailer.

With all the heroic grace possible in an inanimate object, and assisted by some frantic braking and driving maneuvers of my own, the red trailer had sounded its death rattle and with nobly considerate timing had come apart

at low speed on a dirt shoulder, setting its nautical burden gently down on soft ground without so much as a sprained rib or scratched keel. But, in any case, we found ourselves in Atlanta, in an apartment of all things, and where was the ocean, or Charleston Harbor, not to mention the Stono River?

This resulted in a determined search for the Atlantic Ocean in the vicinity of Atlanta, leading to the discovery of lakes Lanier and Altoona, as well as a closer and more convenient stretch of the Chatahoochee River just north of the city. But gone now were the days of duck hunting and choppy saltwater inlets in search of channel bass. The little skiff and I were now reduced to picnicking and beer drinking cruises mostly up and down the aforementioned stretch of the Chatahoochee just above the Morgan Falls Dam, frequently now in the company of a lady. And we still had not found a house, much less one with a driveway or cover for the boat.

The trauma of this lifestyle change was to cause a complete metamorphosis of the *Eel*, as the business-like duckboat look of her was making me quite homesick. One Saturday afternoon I bought quart cans of primitive red, blue, and yellow marine paint and went after the *Eel* based on some Celtic designs which I had concocted and, realizing that a dragon head might be a bit much, I installed a fake decorative bow-piece also bearing the colorful designs.

As if this bizarre, if not demented, transformation of the vessel were not enough, I also devised a detachable rudder, detachable leeboards, and a lateen mast and sail rig, from a used Sunfish sailboat which I purchased cheap for the purpose. The metamorphosis was now complete, to the astonishment of my neighbors in the apartment complex, and the name of the *Eel* was changed to the *Parakeet*.

This makeover did much for our spirits and helped us adjust to our changed situation. Not only that, when I finally got around to it, the Georgia Department of Natural Resources allowed me to register the boat there with the same number originally assigned by South Carolina, so the art work around those numbers on the bow went undisturbed.

Her maiden voyage in this new condition was made on Lake Lanier, where she sailed quite handily. As before, however, most of our boating remained on the Chatahoochee River between Morgan Falls Dam and the bridge over Roswell Road. In time, a public park at the boat landing there was constructed and soon there was a growing number of shore viewers along this stretch of the river. Typically I would motor down to the dam with the leeboards cocked up and back out of the water like a pair of wings, then after a while I would raise the motor, install the rudder and sail rig, swing the leeboards down into the water, and sail the boat back upstream to the park.

On one such occasion we had finished boating for the day and I had the *Parakeet* back on the trailer getting ready to leave when a hippie kid walked up, reeking of beer and marijuana.

"Cool boat, man! I saw you shoot up the river on your motor, then the next thing I see, you come back by with this sail and all! What all does this boat do?"

Suspecting both his condition and an unfamiliarity with sailing paraphernalia, I decided right then and there that he needed to be let in on yet another wondrous but secret capability of the *Parakeet*, having had a beer or two myself. Shifting my eyes left and right to be certain we were not overheard, I answered him.

Eel metamorphosizes into *Parakeet* in 1976 to suit inland waters.

"This boat can do just about anything," I said in a low voice, still shifting my eyes around.

"You wouldn't believe what this boat can do. Only a couple of people know about it," I added in my urgent whisper. At the same time, I swung the pair of spring-mounted leeboards up into their wing-like position.

He looked at me for a moment with a quizzical bleary gaze, then at the winged boat, and suddenly his eyes widened.

"Oh no, man! Oh no!"

"Oh yes," I said, "oh yes."

"Ungh-ungh, man. No way! No way !" he pleaded, backing away, his eyes now like saucers.

He turned and ran back to the picnic area. As I pulled out of the parking area, *Parakeet* in tow, I could see him still gesturing wildly to his friends.

(To Be Continued)

Metamorphosis completed!

Ode to the Square Pontoon

By Bill Foden

I really believe that the only reason so many pontoon boats have round pontoons is sheer habit. No doubt the reason is that the original catamarans were two logs lashed together. When the first raft type houseboats were made, it was convenient to use barrels for flotation. Later, when steel barrels became available, it became possible to weld barrels together to make tree-like pontoons. Another reason is that a circle is the most economical way to enclose a given amount of space. Other than that, the square pontoon has it all over the tubular one. Consider the following points:

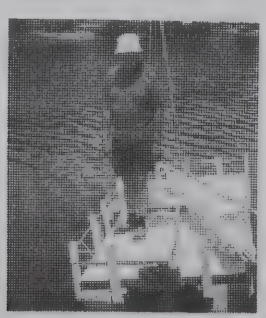
1. Displacement (flotation ability): An 8' long 2' x 2' square pontoon would displace roughly 2,048 pounds in salt water. An 8' x 2' in diameter round pontoon (most pontoon boats have pontoons of perhaps 20.5" x 22.5") would displace roughly 1,608 pounds in salt water, a difference of 440 pounds. That 440-pound difference in buoyancy could make a significant difference in safety of the boat and crew under certain circumstances.

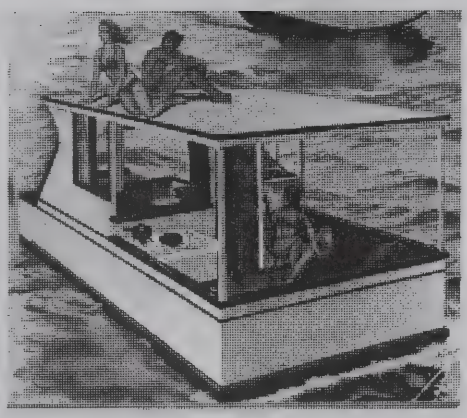
2. Ease of Construction: A square pontoon can be quickly and easily made of cheap, easily available plywood and other materials by someone with near zero skills and readily available hand tools. A round pontoon must be made of metal or fiberglass by someone who really knows what he/she is doing with expensive tools.

3. Draft: Each inch a square pontoon goes into the water is directly proportional to its displacement. In other words, a 24" x 8' square pontoon will displace 2,048 pounds. Every inch the pontoon is immersed into the water, the buoyancy of the pontoon will be increased by 53.3 pounds. So a 24" square pontoon immersed in the water 3" by the weight of a boat would support nearly 160 pounds. A 24" round pontoon immersed in the water 3" will support only a small proportion of its total displacement.

This is why you will observe that a typical pontoon boat will have its waterline at least half its circumference in the water. This means that the draft, the depth of water the boat needs to float clear of the bottom, will frequently be 12", or even more, even when unloaded.

4. Performance: The performance advantage of a square pontoon on the old-fashioned round type is primarily in planing ability. I think it is obvious that the shape of the square pontoon will enable a boat with square pontoons to plane much more rapidly and efficiently than one with round ones. It is not that a round pontooned boat will not plane, obviously they will and do, but it will require much more horsepower to do so. Some round pontooned boats will carry as much as 150hp. Yes, they can go pretty fast, but the cost of powering such a boat and maintenance will overcome any real advantages of getting there a few minutes sooner.





Serenata, the Peerless Pontoon.

5. Stability: The stability of a square pontooned boat has to be seen to be believed. The photo at left shows the 220lb captain demonstrating how little a *60-Minute Dinghy* with square section pontoons heels when he stands next to the gunwale.

6. Efficiency: All pontoon boats, both the square and the round kind, have approximately one-third less water resistance than an equivalent monohull of like dimensions. The advantage of the square pontooned hull over the round kind, as I said before, is essentially that it is possible to plane much more quickly and easily. Planing, as many of the *MAIB* readers know, is the most efficient speed for any power boat hull because less hull is exposed to water drag. Because there is less drag, less fuel has to be expended above planing speeds.

Applying the Square Pontoon Verities

I became a true believer in the verities of the square pontoon when some friends and I were rebuilding my dock on the Maurice River in back of City Hall in Millville, New Jersey. We were using the blue foam blocks for flotation, and I got the idea of making a boat using form blocks for flotation. It seemed like a good idea until I discovered that foam can be quite expensive and is not available at all in many parts of the country.

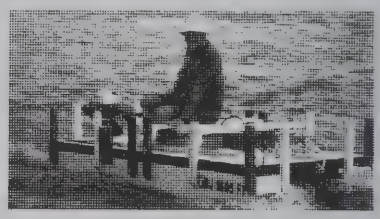
At the suggestion of a friend, I tried to make one of the predecessors of the *60-Minute Dinghy* using a 20' length of 10" PVC irrigation pipe for flotation. I used inflatable plastic balls fiberglassed into the front of the pipe for a little shape, lashed the pontoons to a framework of 2x3s and plywood with nylon line, and hopefully launched her into the water. Alas and alack, I immediately became painfully aware of the shortcomings of a round pontoon. It floated all right but very low in the water and was difficult to handle under oars. I had also found out that PVC pipe of that size was quite expensive. I have two 10' lengths of 10" PVC pipe available for free to anyone who wants it. So I was forced back to the drawing board.

Now Cometh the Square Pontoon

Being rather discouraged by the round pontoon's performance, I stuck the round pontoon version of the *60-Minute Dinghy* in the back of the lot and became involved in my *Serenity -- The Slowest Boat Afloat!* project. When *Serenity* had successfully taken her place in my fleet, I decided that the time had come to develop a dinghy that would equal her in economy, efficiency, and ease of construction.

I decided to use the same construction methods of using deck screws and fiberglass over a 2x2 and plywood framework that had proved so successful on the *Serenity*. The result was the bonny vessel we have named *60-Minute Dinghy -- The Ugly Duckling!*

The pontoons were 1' square by 8' long, easily made by a completely inexperienced builder in the stated 60-minute period. They have proved exceptionally efficient in all the places the round pontoons had failed. The photo below shows the *60-Minute Dinghy* under power.



The design would not, obviously, win any prizes in a concours d'elegance, but it did perform quite adequately under oars, power, or sail.

Cometh the *Serenata*

It is said that a good idea is like a crying baby in church, it should be carried out. So it was with the square pontoon idea developed in the *60-Minute Dinghy* design. Not only was it easy, efficient, and economical to build, but it had the added design virtue of being capable of being expanded to larger sizes rather easily. One of the very few disadvantages of the *Serenity* design was that it could not be increased in size past about 24' length and 8' in beam without making questionable changes in the construction.

I woke up one morning with the design for a larger, more versatile, version of the *60-Minute Dinghy* which I called the *Serenata -- The Peerless Pontoon* full-blown in my head. The *Serenata* had 24' x 16" pontoons that made use of the same fast plywood, fiberglass, and deck screw construction that had made the *60-Minute Dinghy* so successful. It was a vessel that could be made in lengths up to 40' and beams as wide as 12'.

A variety of deck structures ranging from a typical open round pontoon configuration to that of a full cabin similar to that of the *Serenity* could be designed for it. The same four tools, lumberyard materials, and speed and ease of construction would be retained.

No, the *Serenata* has not been built yet. but she will be real soon! I have just located a good source of pre-owned plywood that will provide the 14 sheets of plywood the *Serenata* will need for all its planking. I will build it in my garage, in sections, put it together in my driveway, and then prove how much easier an 16" x 20" square pontooned boat will plane than the old fashioned and much more expensive kind.

I would welcome any comments or questions by other *MAIB* readers. Inquiries can be addressed to: Bill Foden, 2556 Mart Ave., Vineland, NJ 08361, 609-692-2039.

Modifying the Appledore Pod

By Bob Harrington
Photo by John Page

I grew up in Muskegon, Michigan, on Muskegon Lake, about 3 by 10 miles. During the Depression fishing was serious business. Most of my friends' fathers had rowboats. They trolled catching walleyes, pickerel, and still fished for perch.

Dad bought me a flat bottom rowboat, and my friends and I spent many hours rowing around the lake and logging booms left from when Muskegon was a leading lumber shipping town. Vividly, I remember the great fun we had rowing after school and on weekends.

I knew having a rowboat would make us young again. But rowboats weren't available in Michigan, only aluminum boats designed for outboard motors with two short oars were available.

A friend put us in contact with Martin Marine in Kittery Point, Maine. Emily and I drove there and bought a fiberglass Appledore Pod with a unique sailing setup, thinking it would be nice to both sail and row.

The boat sailed pretty well, but there wasn't room for two people and water slushed up through the dagger board trunk. It weighed maybe 130 pounds and was too heavy and awkward to do much car topping. However, it rowed nicely and we enjoyed the rowing experience.

I sold the glass rowing/sailing Appledore and bought the cold molded version for rowing with either one or two persons. It weighs 95 pounds. It's still awkward to car top, made more so because it's a double-ender and is difficult to load upside down on a roof rack by one person. It's possible, but it ain't easy.

We live in land-bound Lansing, Michigan. For local rowing, the boat rides on a trailer.

Launchings are easy. We over-winter on Big Pine Key, Florida, about 26 miles from Key West. Transporting the Appledore on the roof rack is a chore I bear up with, as open water rowing in the Keys is such great fun, and we deserve it.

The wooden Appledore was hazardous rowing in open water, slewing around in the waves. Broaching was a real danger. When there was any wind the boat didn't track well at all. It's not much fun to do most of your rowing with one oar, and it sideslipped badly going crosswind.

Now it's a perfect open water rowboat. John Coffin, the best woodworker in the Keys, fitted a full length keel beginning 18" from the bow to 18" from the stem. It's 2" deep at the center and 6" at the stern perfectly fitted and West Systemed along the rocker of the hull and parallel with the waterline.

The boat tracks perfectly at all aspects to the wind with no tendency to slew or broach. We pull equally on both oars. It's a happy open-water rowing boat.

The boat is fitted with two oarmaster sliding seat rowing units (old style). I noticed a lot of flexing of the riggers. I corrected the flexing with a couple of stainless cable fish leaders and turnbuckles and hooked from the end of the riggers to pad eyes near the stem. No weight is involved and the riggers are absolutely without flex.

I broke a Douglas Feathoar so replaced the oars with Concept II Macon carbon fiber blades. These lock solidly on the water, move the boat smartly and, importantly, shed weeds better, whereas the delta blades were natural weed catchers.

I set the riggers at their highest and the oars clear waves nicely on the return to the catch. To get the proper seat height relationship to oar handle, it is necessary to raise the seat about 1-1/2". Closed cell foam does this nicely and is very tush friendly, especially after several hours of rowing.

I rowed alongside a rich and famous sailing yacht and asked, "How fast are we going?" They replied "4.2 knots." This was at a cruising stroke rate of 17 to 19 strokes per minute, which we can hold indefinitely. We're old, with a combined age of 160 years. Open water rowing in our refitted Appledore is perfect for old folks, or anyone else liking the freedom of doing it on their own.

Rowing hasn't made us any younger chronologically, but we do grow older much more slowly.

A Good Paddle
Uncomplicating Paddle Design, Sizing, and Selection

By Caleb Davis

As I was returning from my first canoe show this past year, it occurred to me that I have been talking to people about canoe paddles for five years at these shows. The information always seems to run the same line, and it appears that people are interested and relieved at how logical and uncomplicated paddle design, sizing, and selection can be. I must admit that my preference is in traditionally shaped (narrower and longer) blades, and I would like to give you some of my views on the characteristics of the paddles that are out in the market today.

I first got interested in paddle design when I went through the Canadian Recreational Canoeing Association instructors class back in 1977. The Director was Kirk Wipper with Rob Dawson as his Head Instructor. I was in pure canoeing heaven, although at the time (seven days practice, three days testing) I didn't always feel that way. We covered tandem, solo, tripping, and the basics in fast water.

My real interest was in Omering (solo). I believe that it is now referred to as Canadian Traditional Solo. To do this method requires a soft touch and a paddle that acts more like a rapier than a saber. The movement of the canoe had to be precise and firm, yet quiet and creative. It was then that I really understood that a good paddle could help take me into another realm. We were able to try many of the paddles that the instructors had, and the differences were very clear. At that point, I consciously became a believer in several of the traditional shapes for flat water recreational paddling.

Paddles' Position and Pain

When I talk with people in my classes or at shows, the number one issue I hear is that people are feeling stress in their lower or upper back, shoulder, and neck. For me, much of the answer to this problem lies in sizing, blade shape, positioning, and kneeling. Although this article is primarily about paddles, I would like to say something quickly in defense of good positioning and kneeling while paddling. I always encourage people to shift their weight as close to the gunwale as possible. This puts your paddle shoulder over the water. The paddle is more perpendicular to the water, thus putting less strain on the shoulders and neck. The paddle is also more efficient in the water.

Kneeling helps to stabilize the canoe and the paddler. This reduces stress. Also, the muscles that are used are transferred from the lower back to the legs. I encourage a slight rocking forward and back with each stroke. This takes more pressure off the lower back and prolongs the perpendicular position of the paddle in the water. Thus, efficiency is increased and stress reduced.

When I get these comments about paddling pain from people, I ask them what type of paddle they use. Usually the response includes a paddle with a wide blade or a tall paddle. That's when I get my inner groan. I truly do believe that we, as recreational flat water paddlers, have been misled.

What type of paddle did the voyageurs use? A typical paddle was 4' long. These guys were the pros. The blade was 3" wide and 30" long. That's not far off the surface area of our present day box blades. The voyageurs needed speed. They also needed as little body damage as possible for their 16+ hour days. The

line of least resistance on the blade is along the shaft axis. The farther out from the axis, the greater the need to put in more effort squaring the blade. A squared blade is more efficient and less stressful on the shoulders and back. It made sense that these early day truck drivers, who were surrounded by wood that could have been made into 20" blades, chose a thin longer blade. With an increased blade stroke (45-60), good surface area, and ease of entry and exit, they were, at times, able to do 100-mile days.

These 3" paddles were great for one direction. Steering was not an issue. I have found that a 4-1/4" blade is about the minimum needed to bring in steerability on a blade that is 24"-30" in length. The same paddles hold true for a present day family out on a canoe trip.

The paddle that the voyageur used had a shaft length of 18". I wouldn't recommend that, but it is evident why they used this length. To be more comfortable with the increased stroke rate, it was easier to use a shorter shaft. There was also the issue of decreased freeboard (closer to the water). Also, the voyageurs were 5' to 5-1/2' tall.

The method that I encourage for sizing a paddle is to hold the paddle as you would (grip and throat) and put it overhead. If your elbows are bent 90 degrees, the paddle is correct for the sitting position. You might want to reduce an inch or so if you are kneeling, and several if doing Canadian Traditional Solo. In both of these situations, there is the reduced freeboard to consider because of the kneeling position or the actual shortening of gunwale-to-water distance. I personally do not change sizing for the bow or stern, but it would be correct to look for a slightly shorter paddle for the stern as it is trimmed deeper (has less freeboard) than the bow.

The reason I use the 90° method is that when I look for correctness in the stroke, I am looking for the upper grip hand to come out from face level. The lower throat grip hand is just above the water. Following the stroke through to completion, you will find that the two elbows approximate a combined angle of 180°. In sizing, the two 90° overhead gives the combined 180° needed throughout most of the stroke.

If this method of sizing a paddle to the paddler and to the proper technique makes sense to you. then the current trend of talking about paddle length (one length in inches) does not make sense. If we give one length, then all blades should be equal in length, which they are not. If you go to a store and are shown two paddles that are sized as 56" and one has a 28" blade and the other a 20" blade, you can see how one overall length sizing can produce very different stresses and paddling technique.

We should actually talk about two lengths, grip/shaft and blade. Personally, I like to consider only the grip and shaft length while I disregard the blade entirely. As long as you like the blade and it is not too long to get comfortably in and out of the water, then let's not include it in the sizing measurement.

Wide Blade, Long Shaft

I would use this type of paddle for American Freestyle or fast water. In both of these activities, I need a long shaft so that I can reach out from the canoe. When I need to brace, the longer shaft produces an angle to the water that helps support the brace. If I used a shorter shaft, the angle to the water would be increased and the paddle would want to slip into the water, decreasing my ability to brace. I'd tip and the canoe would go over. The wider blade also helps in keeping the paddle on top of the water during a brace and has the mechanical advantage needed to effect good strong strokes helpful in fast water maneuvers and some radical moves in American Freestyle.

The shorter, wider blades don't hit the rocks in shallow areas as much as the longer blades. Another good feature is that this paddle has potentially two power faces (side of blade used for positive contact with water). This allows you to use either side of the blade to get the work done. By having use of both sides of the blade, you increase the ability to have smooth, one-line strokes. What I mean by that is a stroke that seems to have no beginning or end. It becomes one smooth stroke that includes both the drives and corrections.

I am, however, dismayed at how often this is the paddle that is sold to the person who wishes to do flat water recreational paddling. These paddles are often touted as having a bigger blade and the mechanical advantage of a longer shaft. It is precisely these features that produce the back, shoulder, and neck pain. Over a short haul, the average recreational paddler may do well and may be faster, but that is hard to sustain for very long unless you are a trained, conditioned racer.

The long shaft puts the load (blade) farther from the shoulder, which is the pivot point. Think of your shoulder as the fulcrum in a seesaw. If you put the load farther, out you increase the mechanical advantage. The down side is that your body produces more pain for this advantage, and shortly the disadvantage outweighs the advantage. One can always spot a person who is using a paddle (grip/shaft) which is too long for them. The paddler usually has to compensate. They paddle with their hand way over their head (skying) which produces upper back stress, or they choke up on

the throat grip which produces lower back stress.

The wider blade is said to have a larger surface area. During the paddle drive the blade is square and the water is hopefully locked to the power face. This water wants to move sideways off the blade when pressure is applied to the stroke. The wider the blade, the more pressure at the edge of the blade requiring more effort to square which contributes to produce that dull ache in your neck and shoulders.

These paddles are weighted fairly light but often shaft dominant. I believe a paddle should be weighted (taken at little finger of throat grip hand) slightly blade dominant so that the blade naturally returns to the water. A dominant shaft weight adds an unnecessary component to your stroke technique.

Bent Shaft

This paddle I would use for flat water bow only. Some people also use it for American Freestyle and fast water. It has a shorter shaft more in line with the way that I size a paddle in giving up reach for comfort and technique. It has improved mechanical advantage. It has a wide blade which is good for bracing, bracing turns, and shallow water. It is also usually light in weight, although often shaft dominant. The bent shaft also helps to reduce some of the stressful features of the wider blade.

The down side of this paddle for me is that bending the shaft makes it primarily a one power face paddle. I like the smooth line connecting different strokes. The bent shaft significantly restricts this creative realm. This paddle was designed to have the blade in the near perpendicular position (most effective) for more of the drive part of the stroke. It is effective in that, but in return, I've found that the exit and entry are less smooth and steering is significantly hampered.

Traditional Paddle Shapes

There are many traditional blade shapes. I have included a picture of five of the more common. Please be aware that although one blade shape is called the Voyageur, the thinner longer blade (Willow) is closer to the working shape of the voyageurs' paddles. The traditional blades are generally longer and narrower, although I am aware of and pity several people who have told me that they have a 9" wide beavertail. My back aches just thinking about it.

If I were to choose a traditionally shaped paddle, the first thing I'd want is a blade that tapers toward the tip. This usually means that I give up a slight mechanical advantage by getting the bulk of my power face up near the shoulder of the blade instead of at the tip as in the beavertail or trader. The advantage gained is that a paddle tapered toward the tip moves in the water with more ease. Its exit and entry are smooth. These paddles have more steerability and are more sensitive to subtle influence.

Think about how a tip on a knife helps to clear the way. I would look for a paddle with knife-edge shoulders so that the exit, entry, and underwater recovery would be quiet and smooth. I would look for a slightly blade dominant balance. I would want a paddle with a water resistant blade and throat coating (polyurethane/varnish) and a shaft/grip treated with an oil finish so that I get a natural, blister preventing feel. I would look for a thinned, protected tip so that the swing weight is smooth and the paddle is protected. I find splining the tip very helpful. Finally I would look for a blade that was at least 24" to 30" long and 4-1/2" to 6" wide.

Voyageur, Ottertail, and Willow

I'd like to discuss some of the effects of the three different shapes that I make. The principle holds true for other shapes as well.

When the line is straight and the angles are set, as in the Voyageur, you get a paddle that gives clear, quick, predictable results. It's a great paddle. The edge of the blade in water feels reliable and reassuring. As one lengthens and softens the lines such as in the Willow, one also gets very good results in steering but there is an initial feeling of looseness.

With practice, this feeling translates into confident creativity. This is the playful creative space. These shapes respond with grace to the slightest subtle touch and refinements. The Ottertail is the middle ground between these two shapes. All three blades do very well in both the bow and stern, with the Willow being the most body user friendly.

Some days I like a paddle that gets the job done, and other days I'm ready to close my eyes and find that ever evasive quivering line that can, at times, equate to artistry.

Caleb N. Davis, Tremolo Canoe & Crew, 488 Dublin Rd., Jaffrey, NH 03452, 800-908-9071.

Using Meranti Plywood and Fir Strapping for Small Boat Construction

By Bob Patterson

Two materials I have used to build small boats have been bargain priced 1/4" thick meranti (lauan) plywood and 3/4" fir strapping. Neither of these is the preferred material for boatbuilders, but are available at local home improvement centers for very reasonable prices. Bargain lauan plywood (1/4", 4'x8' sheet) goes for $6.50 to $12, while marine grade sapele or okume plywood is $30 to $45. Fir strapping costs a fraction of vertical grained fir.

However, there is a quality difference. Bargain lauan plywood has a solid core of 80% of the total thickness, with very thin face plies, often having voids on one of the face plies. Fir strapping often includes the center of the log (avoid this) and is sometimes quite warped. To address these problems, select the stock carefully, fill any voids with thickened epoxy, and resaw/laminate the strapping if necessary. On the plus side, most bargain lauan is made with good waterproof glues and the strapping is well dried.

Due to its configuration, bargain lauan should actually be treated as 1/4" solid stock. This means the builder must constantly be aware of the grain orientation of the core ply. To join lengths of this material, use cross-cuts at 45 degrees and then join with butt blocks and epoxy. It is not advisable to try to scarf this material in a router/plane jig, as the thinness and splintery nature of the face plies prevents good cuts. I know, I tried.

A good technique for stack-laminating bargain lauan is to cut one layer 3/8" wider than the rest of the layers. Then glue and cure as normal, the wide layer flush to the stack on one side. Then put the protruding edge of the wide layer against a rip fence of a tablesaw and remove enough stock to create a smooth edge. Then flip the stock width-wise and cut to the finish width.

In a similar manner, to form curved shapes of stack-laminated bargain lauan, cut two patterns, Pattern A the exact size desired for the finished piece and Pattern B oversized by 1/4". Use Pattern B to cut and align pieces for laminating, and remember to stagger the joints. After gluing with epoxy and curing, tack, with aluminum push pins, Pattern A to the bottom of the stack. Then flip over and use a bottom bearing flush-cut router bit to finish cut the final shape. Be careful that the guide bearing rides only on Pattern A and no drips of glue interfere with the smooth sliding of the router.

Where extra strength is needed, such as for bulkheads, a second thickness of bargain lauan can be laminated to the first, having been lightened by use of a 2-1/2" hole saw. I hope some of these ideas help some folks who are building away on their boats. Good luck.

Bolger on Design

Two Self-Propelled Houseboats Part 2

Concept Study

Puffer 40

A residence of 40' x 14'0" x 2'0" overall dimensions, 14' bridge clearance, and 40,000+ pounds estimated displacement.

As indicated last issue, this proposal for a mobile "residence" differs markedly in overall proportions from Illinois. A client was interested in a barely mobile houseboat to marina correct proportions of around 40' x 14', that still looked like a boat but would not be required to cruise far. In fact, the wish list called for just enough power to placate a local marina's legal requirement for on-demand self-propulsion on all boats tied up there. His plan was for her to be tied into 110V AC, phone, water, etc., with sporadic movements not far from the marina and under mild conditions. While this projected use profile seems very limited, it is indeed a sober and rational description of how many potentially seagoing liveaboards are actually used, quite a few able cruisers tied up around here seem to never venture much further than a few miles away.

On the other hand, any hull of that size can readily be equipped to carry and hold a lot of water, electrical power in large batteries, and even enough fuel for her to be useful for coastal cruising. This particular broad-shouldered proposal could readily carry several tons in water and fuel tankage, and since large tankage is comparatively cheap in such a simple hull shape geometry, there's little rationale to tie her feet right from the start.

Perhaps, between actual annual cost, local social environment, and just plain changing of one's mind, the initial idea of a strictly marina-bound houseboat may turn less palatable early, and casting off for a move is appealing. Anyway, who could resist the itch to take any boat just around the corner and disappear for little bit. This proposal could thus readily live just on her anchor between biweekly pump-out and fuel-up ceremonies at the local marina.

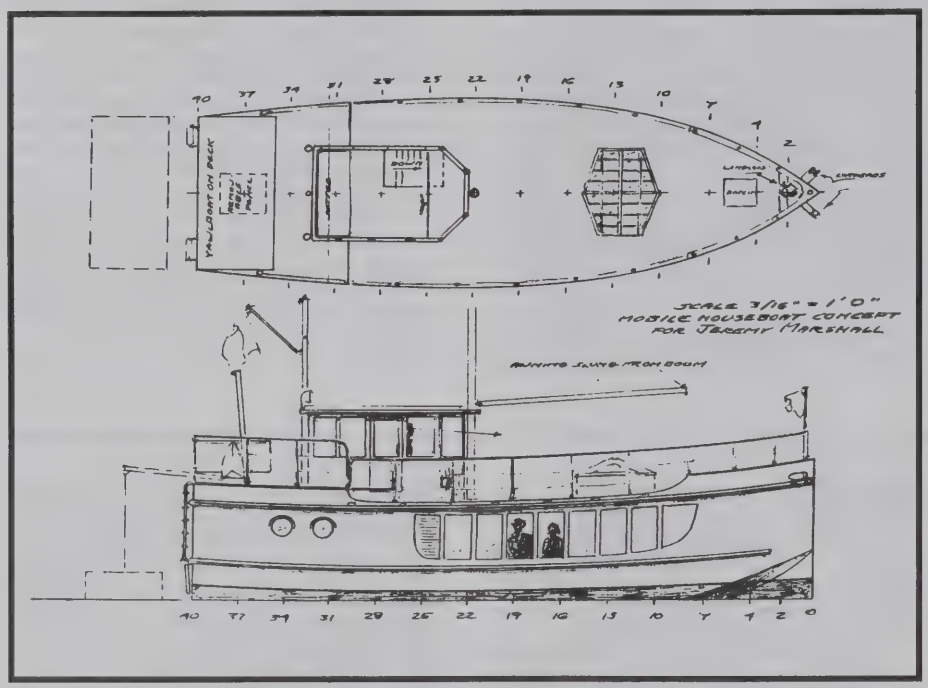
In light of the compact size proposed, we looked around for a traditional style that could be used to allow the accommodations expected without resulting in a grotesque top hamper just about as high as long. We based her appearance on the stout, compact puffers of Scotland's west coast. These short craft carried serious loads to small harbors and offer the charm of purpose and function so often found on working watercraft. Rationalizing the hull shape further towards simple and rapid assembly for greatest ergonomic and economic gain, a puffer liveaboard would be a distinctive craft, in or away from a marina.

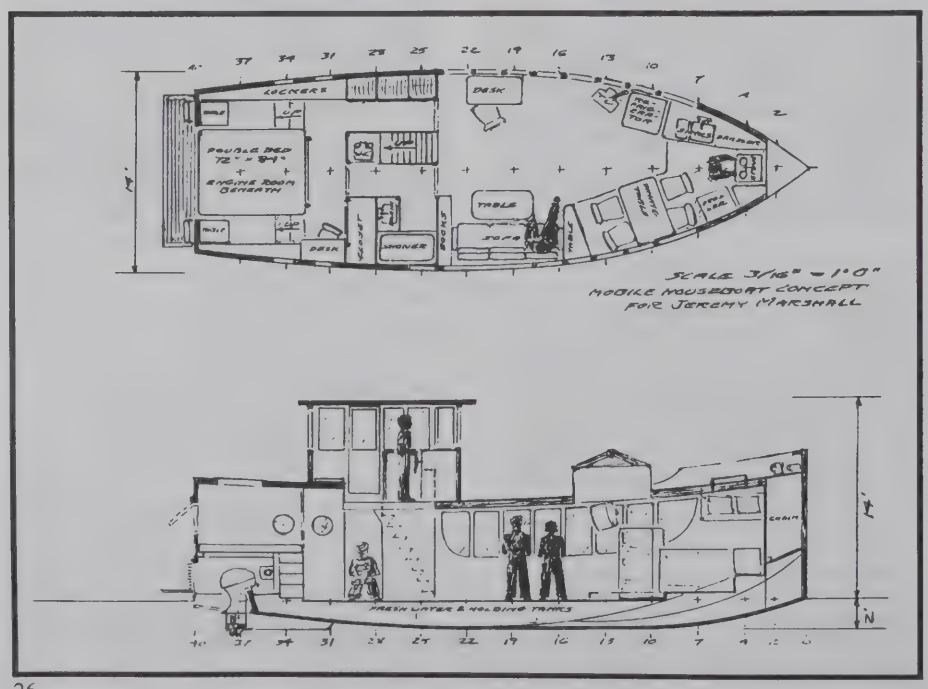
As is the case more often than not in boat design, for most purposes a simple shape offers more advantages than disadvantages. In fact, between cost and time of hull assembly, with possible strength well above average and usually more controlled motion, highly accelerated interior construction without compound curves, with the highest level of volume efficiency, simple and thus cheap shapes may at times be the only way to get on the water at all. Save the money in order to live on it while afloat and away. Properly designed and assembled using one's head, the bang for the buck can be multiplied right then and there.

With designs of very simple shapes ranging from 5' to beyond 90', we've shown extensively, no doubt ad nauseum to some uncomprehending orthodox traditionalists, that simplicity can be used to great advantage realizing boating dreams, rather than just talking about "how nice it would be if one could afford it..." In light of the opportunities for personal freedom afloat and away from the immediate grasp of the control freaks that meddle with so much of daily life, we feel wonder about why so many voices, amateur and professional, effectively call for self-restriction on ever living their dreams.

Of course, some of them are at least want-to-be control freaks. We feel pity about recurring verbiage of narrow dogmatism after decades of ever varying offerings by us and others, and we have impatience with rigid condemnation of any viable promising opportunities away from the stale musty confines of conservatism.

Sure, we all should have compassion for and patience with those who scare easy and are immediately threatened by concepts that have not been spoon-fed to them since the crib. Thinking can require effort. Unexpected concepts may well take some time to fathom, before it's time to accept, let simmer more, or finally reject after careful consideration. Of





course, any proponent of different ideas must give an earnest effort at explaining the whys and hows of alternatives, at times at great length, and even with multiple repetition.

But there is no virtue in sitting there shaking with irritation from new concepts, while frantically welding yet another rebar onto the inside of one's personal mental cage, embarrassing spectacle! Letting conformism dictate only a very narrow range of alternatives in the face of generous options shows disdain for the hard-won freedom to enjoy variety. There are no rewards in never getting off the fence while time and opportunities pass. Where would ever be the gain rejecting opportunities as just food for thought, particularly if they are likely to make more possible a dream that otherwise may well seem out of reach?

Anyway, this simple hull shape offers the most room for the overall footprint, and the easiest opportunities for relaxed interior arrangements, including the use of loose furniture. It produces an immensely steady vessel for living aboard, capable of taking on without much harm yet another load of books or toys. With the addition of our filleted cutwater bow, this shape will still afford efficient operation under power, reliable handling in a variety of seas, quiet motion at anchor, and the option to routinely ground out upright in a perfect overnight spot or for a more extended stay on the tidal flats without much risk to her structure.

Whether with one or two 50hp 14" props capable of swiveling the usual 45°+, there is no need for articulated rudders, or whether the two or three skegs flanking the outboards will do fine for maneuvering bears closer investigation, but could be experimented with well after the first shakedown cruise as either option is attached to the sides of the outboard well. What won't take much finding out about is the need for an underfloor centerboard forward to match that bow profile.

Here are extracts from the proposal to the client:

"The shape is straightforward to build in plywood, but considering the quantity involved, we think it would be worthwhile to look into the economics of having a bare steel hull welded up, blasted, rust-proofed, and fully enclosed (installed windows, hatches, wooden pilothouse), ready for you to finish the comparatively more man-hour-intensive interior. In fact, she could be afloat, with the power installed, while you camp and work in the open interior, reasonably affordable portable gas generators could power all your power tools while afloat at some low or no-cost location during completion. The savings in rent for both building site and your apartment, for instance, would be obvious and not insignificant, reducing her actual cost even further.

The shape would be equally suitable for steel, and material cost and labor time probably much less than plywood of equivalent strength and longevity. She could be framed and sheathed in such a way that the steel would not be obtrusive inside, offering adequate insulation and avoidance of condensation. In that size weight, differences between ply and steel is less an issue, except that the weight of wood also includes buoyancy, while meaty steel construction might make her almost invincible.

The indicated power plant is a Yamaha T50hp 4-stroke, high thrust with 14"x10/11" propeller. This is certainly more than adequate for shifting berth, but we would suggest her to take two of them. The second one need not be purchased right away, but with it she would be capable of bucking quite strong winds; in fact, would become a viable coastal cruiser. Whether you used the capability or not, it would add to her resale value. Her top speed might be as much as 8 knots with the two 50hp motors. She would not be very fuel efficient at that speed, somewhere between oily 2-stroke guzzling and diesel-miserliness, but should run at 6 knots on one motor at a time for respectable duration.

Furthermore, not having to install shafting, prop, strut, rudder, exhaust, and cooling plumbing etc., not having to deal with electrolysis problems (close to worst in marina boat density), and not having to suffer the loss of vital interior volume, does objectively constitute enormous savings in dollars and man-hours(plus grief) that would equal a lot of gasoline burned over many cruises. Finally, serious engine problems can be remedied by hoisting the 250-pound outboard off its mount through the aft-cabin and dropping it off at the mechanic by boat or car. Might save expensive tows as well.

We reviewed material suggesting the advantages of the 4-stroke motors, which are just beginning to make a new generation of coastal cruisers possible. No, we are not having a sweetheart deal with Yamaha or Honda. It is just that the U.S. OB-producers are sitting on their hands, a la Detroit in the '70s and '80s, leaving Yamaha and Honda alone in offering sensible, i.e., economic and quiet 4-stroke OB power. And this Yamaha T50 High Thrust is the only OB that offers a reasonably good-sized prop and gearing (14"/2.33:1); we would enjoy a slower 16"+ prop even more.

We have, incidentally, been experimenting with rainwater collection with good results, provided you invest in adequate filtering devices (e.g., Waterfixer in West Marine catalog), and re-acquire careful consumption habits of water. Consider a "Use" plus a regular "Drinkwater" circuit, using less than 100% clean water for regular household/bathroom applications. Thus, in your climate, the freshwater tanks need not be exaggerated, even if you chose to lie away from marinas, or if you had any doubts about the quality of water supplied.

The deck layout will be clear, except that we have not yet done more than think about location of cleats and bits, additional ventilation, and of a gangway flexible enough to handle varying wharf and float heights on either side via boom, etc. Railings are 42" high. The settee in the wheelhouse is 6'6" long, but we see it primarily as a seat with a view over surrounding craft. The power yawlboat (an existing design) can be launched from a marina berth.

It's designed to take a big enough motor to serve as backup power for the mother ship in a breakdown, should a single T50 be her main power. Incidentally, the ship will do extremely short and sure maneuvering with the steerable motor and wall-sided cutwater, never any need for a bowthruster to turn her, while coordinated (four-handed) use of yawlboat and main power should keep her out of trouble, even in extremely strong wing abeam in very close quarters.

Inside, the companionway is well protected from weather by the wheelhouse. It is steep by shore standards, but exceptionally good as boats go. It will have good railings and its slope does allow standing on any step without holding on. In conjunction with weatherproof exhaust ventilation in the wheelhouse, the companionway would help natural draft air exchange of the saloon, given carefully placed intakes forward. It opens to an immense living room, incorporating the galley forward.

In principle, this living room layout is certainly flexible while our suggestions seem to offer one reasonable option, with further improvements immediately possible. The galley location would not be very desirable in a seagoing cruiser (it has been done though in earlier days) but is space efficient and certainly usable in reasonably calm water. The dining table and galley floor are stepped up on a dais to clear the rise of the hull bottom. The sheer of the deck gives appropriate headroom (the male figures shown are 6'0").

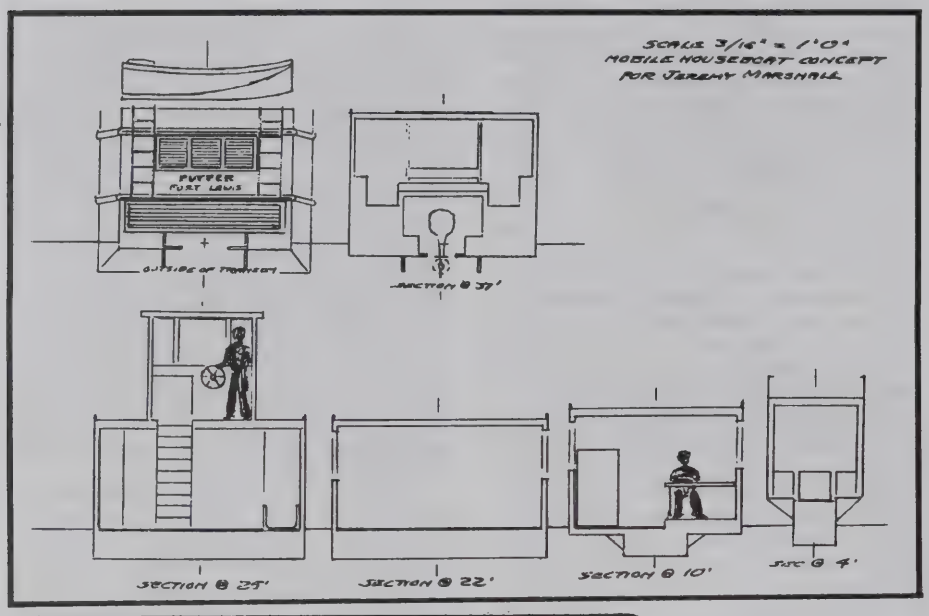
The high skylight, sized to allow passing bulky objects such as the living room couch, makes space for hanging plants, a large ceiling fan, etc., and presents an attractive feature both esthetically and functionally. It will keep the room light even with the windows curtained for privacy. It is, incidentally, located for maximum utility on deck as well, allowing a full patio furniture set to add to the Puffer's habitability.

The windows (laminated safety glass) open out the room at an intimate level, offering the possibility of prime views rivaled only by pricey and stationary real estate ashore. Several of them can open (in smooth water), but we're still discussing options for how they should open and how to secure them closed.

The washroom is accessible from both living room and master bedroom, and arranged to allow two people to use it at once without necessarily getting in each others' way. There is, of course, a separate passage to the bedroom as well. Locker and closet space is at least as good as is expected in a shore apartment, and clearances throughout are quite generous. The king-sized bed rests on the insulated and gasketted top of the engine compartment. It has ample sitting headroom over it, with the floor on both sides up several steps to be at sitting level. A large window opening above the foot of the bed adds to ventilation and offers escape as well as view (with privacy covers, of course).

Almost all the furniture indicated is stock home improvement store material, much of which is of better quality than you can expect from most costly custom work. There is an insignificant amount of fitted-on-the-spot joinerwork implied by this layout, and much of what is shown here is intended to be readily altered at the outset or later. Most of the cabinetry can be assembled as stock items in place. Where tapering shapes are dictated by hull-form such as in the stateroom, shelves will have to be cut accordingly, but the doors/drawer faces etc., can still be stock standard dimensioned factory finished and hardware attached.

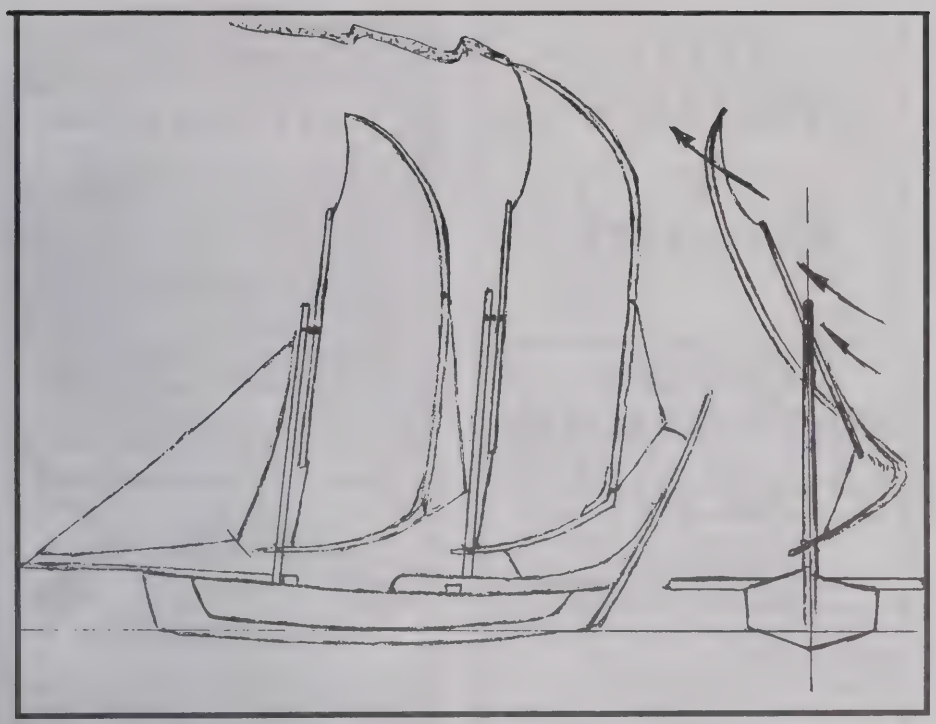
Industrial quality control will guarantee you matching shades of veneers, decent hardware, and square assembly. In fact, should your initial choice of medium oak finish get boring after a while, it would be possible, and reasonably affordable, to replace all standard faces with another veneer or finish. We have built, to custom layout, our office furniture with Home Depot's Millworks line of "bum" vinyl/particle structure cum our choice of pre-



mium veneer faces, sound, strong, fast-assembled, stock items mixed and matched as to need, very easy on the eyes and the pocketbook. It should be possible to produce an effect of comfort, luxury, out of all proportion to its cost, by boat standards. This is so because of the flat floors and vertical sides of the boat, which also make her quicker and cheaper to build and, ironically, are also the best for least resistance under power and for the most comfortable motion among waves.

We're enthusiastic about this concept and will eagerly await your input."

Alas, he fell in love with a smaller rather complex design from the '20s, never built (perhaps with good reason) and predictably offering about half the utility and value of this proposal, not to mention the maintenance of traditional construction somewhat implausible to insist on nowadays for a more or less stationary home. As far as we know, that other design was not built either. We don't know whether the client found a happy solution to his dream elsewhere or whether he is still ruminating, perhaps still sitting on the fence? This was way over three years ago. This is not yet a completed design, but could readily be moved along to working plans. Any takers for Puffer 40?



The Hawaiian sail on the Blue Bird and how it spills the wind. The original form of the Egyptian sail can still be recognized, set on end.

Dreamboats

The Tri Blue Bird With an Hawaiian Rig

By Richard Carsen

According to the linguistic researches of professor Barry Fell, Egyptian fleets sailed all over the world. These were manned by Spanish Celts and Libyans (not the present day ones, but the former seapeople of Egyptian history; they attacked Egypt once), and officered by Egyptians.

We found a stela at the headwaters of the Mississippi, written in these three languages, and a similar one was found in New Guinea. According to Fell, the Egyptians reached and traded in Indonesia. The sail of the Lau of Ambon (Indonesia) and the Philippines is the same sail the Egyptians used in their later travels. Who influenced who is hard to say.

Some may remember that I have made a case for the so-called pharao boat to be one half of a double canoe, the other half still being buried. If the Egyptians had contact with Indonesia and the Pacific, if they did not think it up themselves, the step to double hulled craft is not a big one. The Polynesians later, contacting the outrigger people from the other side of the Pacific, conceived the 1-1/2 hull, a craft that is neither a true outrigger, nor a double hull. Here one hull is smaller than the other and the craft rigs in such a way that it can sail both ways, although the main hull still has a recognizable stem and stern.

Continuing where Fell left off, Thor Heyerdahl in *Ancient Man and the Ocean*, suggests that the basic Polynesian stock did not come from the continent of South America as he formerly believed, but instead drifted with the main currents and wind from Indonesia towards Japan and then towards northwest America where they settled the Alaskan and British Columbian islands there. From there, following the same winds and currents, they arrived eventually in Hawaii, and later in Tahiti.

He shows that, for instance, the war club, and other artifacts are found with all these people along this route. But the main exhibit, which is Fell's field, is the language. Polynesian has a great deal of neo-Egyptian, not just in the language, but also in religious and other concepts. This was confirmed to me by a friend of mine who is Egyptian. He lived for a number of years on the northwest coast of Kawai (Kauai) and it surprised him no end that so many actual words and ancient Egyptian concepts were found there among the people.

That therefore there could exist a relation between the later, but still ancient, Egyptian rig and the Hawaiian one should not be too much of a surprise, nor the idea that Egyptian seafarers were acquainted with the double hull.

As I have stated before, the Egyptians would be able to tack with the their rig if they would tilt the mast just slightly forward. Seeing so often the crew depicted as pulling on the aft stays, and wondering why in the world this was done, it seemed a logical conclusion. Having the mast slung from a center crossbeam as I have seen on photos of some Chinese double craft, would make it even more an obvious solution.

The Polynesians, dealing with fierce seawinds, seemed to have found a way to adapt the ancient square-rigged sail to this problem. In the drawing, which is based on personal examination of the sails of the *Hoku'lea* after her return to Hawaii, the distinctive ends, curved boom and the shorter straight yard of the Egyptian sail are clearly discernible, the yard being hung in the middle. The lower part, however, has been somewhat distorted in form to accommodate the new function. There certainly must have been an urgent reason for changing the modern rig on the *Hoku'lea* to the ancient one.

By the way: *Hoku'lea*, I am told, means Star of Gladness. When returning from Tahiti she was used as a zenith star, indicating to the navigator the approximate latitude of the Hawaiian Islands. It was customary, according to Lewis in *We the Navigators*, to hold the course sufficiently easterly that, upon arriving at that star's latitude, they could turn west and run down the islands. I understand that in former ages this star was closer to Hawaiian latitude than it is now (the zenith latitude is 100 miles to the north of the islands).

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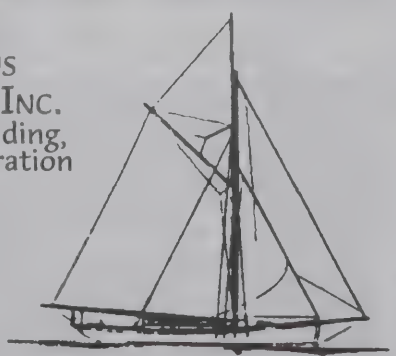

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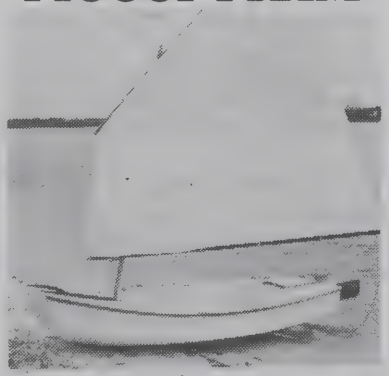

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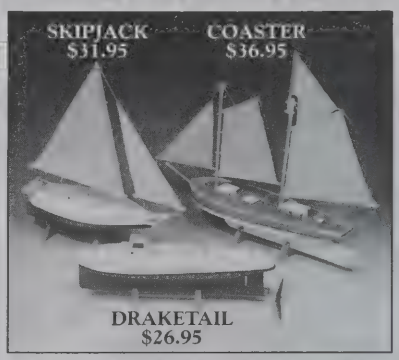

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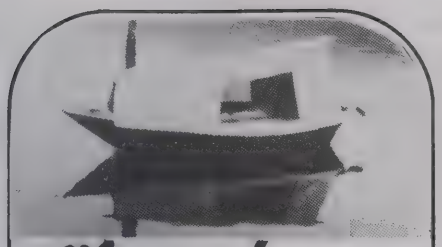

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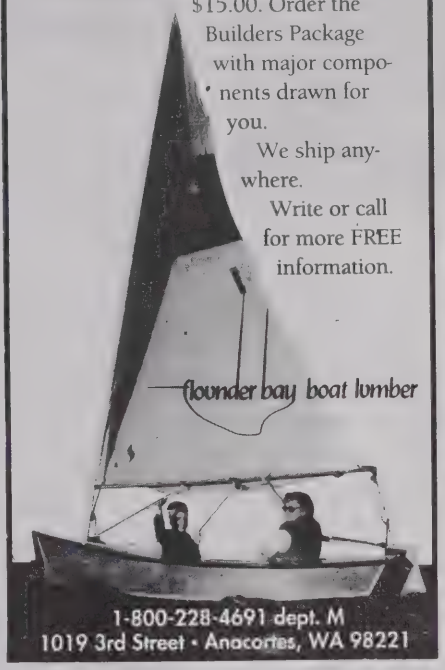

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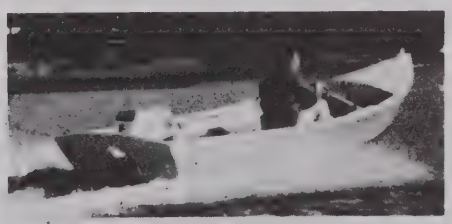

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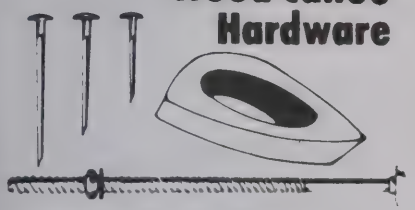

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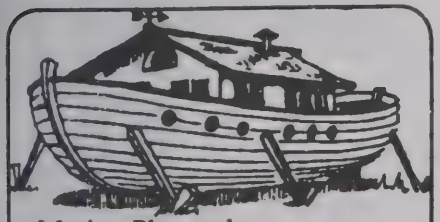

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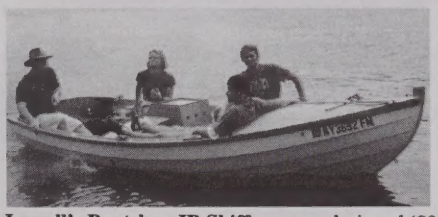

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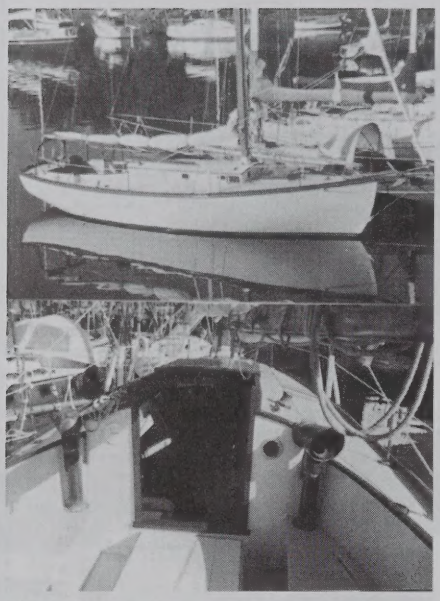

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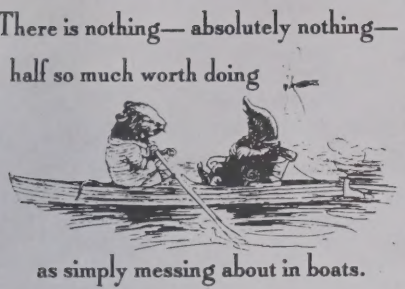

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